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OCTOBER 4, 1976

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THE CURTAIN RISES on Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia and the Yankees vs. (probably) Kansas City as baseball's playoffs begin. Ron Fimrite and Larry Keith assess the strengths and weaknesses of the antagonists.

ACT THREE, in which the heavyweight championship was decided, figured to be anything but a playful end to the Muhammad Ali-Ken Norton show. Mark Kram reports from front row center at Yankee Stadium.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

A BEGINNING

As always, nothing in South Africa is simple. On the surface, the government's decision to reduce racism in sport was as welcome as it was long overdue. Anything that will help to bring the races together in peace, harmony and goodwill is a resounding plus.

But leaders of nonwhite sports associations in South Africa were less than ecstatic in their reaction. The new policy, while allowing competition between teams of different races, still encourages whites, Africans, "coloreds" and Indians to belong to separate clubs.

"This is not what we have been striving for," said Abdullah Abass, president of a nonwhite rugby association. "Our demand is for nonracial sport." Cuthbert Loriston, leader of another nonwhite rugby group, said the new policy was "a change for the whites, but there is nothing new for us in the announcement." A nonwhite cricket official named Hassan Howes said he and his associates would reject the policy, declaring that what South Africa needs is a free flow of players among clubs regardless of race.

Even so, the new policy is a significant step forward, if only because it is an admission by a repressive government that its restrictive policies are wrong.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DILEMMA

Julius Erving's insistence, just before training camp began, that his long-term contract with the New York Nets should be renegotiated aroused a good deal of furor. Erving was charged with greed, lack of respect for the sanctity of a contract and so on, while Nets Owner Roy Boe was called cheap, shortsighted and ungrateful, particularly after Erving's abrasive agent, Irwin Weiner, declared that at least 25 players in the NBA were earning more than the incomparable Dr. J.

The truth is, both Erving and Boe have been caught in the gears of expansion and inflation. When Erving signed his \$1.9-million, seven-year contract with Boe and the Nets in 1973, it was con-

sidered a generous, even extravagant, deal. Under it, Erving could earn nearly \$300,000 this season. But pro basketball salaries have gone sky-high since Erving signed that contract. Nate (Tiny) Archibald, recently obtained by Boe from Kansas City, reportedly makes \$400,000 annually. As good as Archibald is, he is hardly worth \$100,000 more a year than Erving. A prime reason why the NBA agreed to the merger with the ABA was the anticipation of Erving's presence in NBA games and on NBA telecasts. Taking all this into account, Julius is worth everything he is asking for.

But look at Boe's position. In going after Erving, Archibald and others, he has obviously tried to build the best team possible. Indeed, his Nets won the ABA's final championship last spring, and they are sure to be a leading attraction in the NBA this season. Yet, under NBA rules and the terms of the merger, Boe will not share in gate receipts at away games, he will not get a cut of the league's lucrative TV income until 1980 and he is paying \$4 million to the New York Knicks as indemnity for the Nets' territorial encroachment as well as another \$3.2 million just to join the NBA.

Erving deserves a new contract. Boe will be hard pressed to meet its terms. Because the "old 18" clubs of the NBA stand to benefit most from Dr. J's presence, it is unreasonable to suggest that they get together and work out a method to underwrite the added cost.

RECIPIST

Before the Canada Cup's vigorous international competition ended (SI, Sept. 27), Bobby Hull, who jumped from the National Hockey League to the World Hockey Association four years ago, said pungently, "It's a shame that after this we'll have to go back to having so many bad games in both our leagues, games where people fall asleep or just sit on their hands. You look at all the good things that happened in this series and you wish we could have this type of com-

petition all the time. That's why it's such a crime we can't see all the best players in all the best cities all the time, like the old days, when every game was a fantastic spectacle."

Hull wants a merger of the NHL and WHA. "I believe it will happen," he says. "It's got to. We could eliminate the weak franchises in both leagues, get rid of the 100 or so jerks who just play for the money and don't put anything back into the game, and we'd have something good again."

"I'm happy I played a part in getting the WHA off the ground because it helped in some ways. But in other ways it hurt, and that bothers me. I don't know whether I'd do it all over again. I'm somewhat restless now."

THIS WAS MUDJIN FISH

This is a story of failure, but what a failure. Hugh Foster, a 33-year-old Barbadian who works for IBM in the Virgin Islands, is a sports fisherman who boasted more than two dozen marlin last year. In September he entered an annual billfish tournament off Puerto Rico that is staged by the San Juan Yacht Club. Fishing from Captain Johnny Helms' 40-foot *Spar Trek II*, Foster caught a 395-pound blue marlin on the second day of competition and at 2:45 p.m. of the third day hooked into another big fish. At first, seeing only the tip of its dorsal fin, Foster guessed this one might weigh 300 to 350 pounds, but when it surfaced and he saw its massive head he upped the estimate to 600 pounds. The world record for Atlantic blue marlin taken on 50-pound-test, which Foster was using, is 666 pounds. When the fish leaped clear of the water for the first time, the estimate went up again, sharply. "Frankly," said Foster, "it scared me." Pike Herbert, the mate, said, "The head alone would go to 600 pounds." Chris Styn, another fisherman on board, said he had seen a 1,200-pound black marlin in South Africa and that this fish was bigger. Ralph Oldfield, acting as Foster's gaff man, said, "It was a horrible fish, a violent fish."

Two hours after it was hooked, the marlin was close enough to be gaffed, but Oldfield failed to connect. Throughout the afternoon and night Foster brought the marlin close to the boat more than 50 times, but each time it pulled away again, snapping 500 yards of line from the reel as it did so. At 9 p.m., six hours after it was hooked, the fish put

continued

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on a spectacular display of jumping. "I never saw water stirred up like that by a fish," Foster said. "It looked like someone had dropped a building in the ocean." At four in the morning the marlin almost leaped into the *Star Trek*, its pectoral fin brushing the gunwale as it fell.

By dawn Foster was stiff and sore, his arms cramped, his legs weary, his body crying for sleep. At 8 a.m. he decided to force the issue. He tightened the drag to try to bring the fish close to the boat again, but the line snapped and the marlin was gone.

Oldfield was chagrined by his failure and Helms, who had fished with Hemingway and Castro, was crestfallen because his boat had lost such a magnificent specimen.

But Foster, who had fought the huge marlin for 17 hours and 15 minutes, was exhilarated, almost jubilant after the sustained excitement of the long struggle. "This was a nice fish," he said. "I got to know him so well."

THE LEAVING OF IT

Listen to Willie Mays, on what it is like to be an old athlete: "I remember the last season I played. I went home after a ball game one day, lay down on my bed, and the tears came to my eyes. How can you explain that? It's like crying for your mother after she's gone. You cry because you love her. I cried, I guess, because I loved baseball and I knew I had to leave it."

DADDY'S BOY

Secretariat's first foals have gone for fabulous prices at the big yearling auctions this year, but his oldest son, aptly named First Secretary, is not for sale. Nor will he ever run in a race.

First Secretary is a "bastard son" of the great racer out of the Appaloosa mare Leola, to whom Secretariat was bred in a test of his fertility as a stallion. Born two years ago this November, he is almost fully grown and bears a striking resemblance to his handsome father except for the characteristic white Appaloosa "blanket" spattered over his hips. He will not race because he was born at the wrong time of year (he officially became two years old last Jan. 1, when he was not yet 14 months old). Instead, beginning next February, he will stand at stud in Minnesota, where he will service Appaloosa mares.

First Secretary's one and only visit to a racetrack came last month when, to publicize the lively, burgeoning world of Appaloosa racing, his owners, Jack and Lynn Nankivil, shipped him to Albuquerque for an appearance before the \$100,000 World Wide Futurity But, says Jack Nankivil, unlike his sophisticated, well-traveled daddy, First Secretary is strictly a country boy and from now on he'll stay home on the farm.

LOPAT'S LAMENT

Little League baseball, so often criticized, has another nonfan in Ed Lopat, who helped pitch the New York Yankees to five straight pennants a quarter of a century ago. Lopat, who managed briefly in the majors, is now a scout for the Montreal Expos, and he blames organized boys' baseball for what he describes as the sorry state of hitting in the big leagues today.

"It's a shame to see some of the batting averages—guys hitting .216 and .220," says Lopat, who was a good hitter for a pitcher (his batting average for his first seven years in the majors was .244). "Outfielders hit that low and play every day. It's the way kids are brought up now. You can't hit in those Little Leagues, not with every manager using some big stiff as his pitcher, scaring everyone to death. You're never going to be a hitter if you start out scared."

"The pitchers are way ahead in this game. They only need a year or two to jump in and make something of themselves. Look at the Fidrych kid. The pitchers keep arriving and the hitters keep dying."

"When I was a boy we never had those leagues. We scrounged for games on a lot. Some days all we did was hit. No game, just batting practice. No winning or losing. Just learning to play."

WATCH OUT FOR PEDESTRIANS

If you are wondering which way that neighbor of yours is going to vote in November, take a look at his car. According to Professors Everett C. Ladd of the University of Connecticut and Seymour Martin Lipset of Stanford, who did a nationwide survey of college faculty members, the car you own reflects your political and philosophical orientation. For instance, people who own American cars tend to be more conservative than those with foreign cars, and among those who own American cars the ones with a Gen-

eral Motors model as their primary vehicle are the most conservative of all.

"These differences hold up with respect [to] the liberalism-conservatism scale, 1972 Presidential vote, attitudes toward Gerald Ford, cultural tastes, attendance at religious services, academic preferences and scholarly behavior," the professors claim. They note that, among faculty members, far more GM owners voted for Nixon in 1972 than did owners of other cars. Ford owners are more liberal than GM owners but more conservative than Chrysler models. People with American Motors models are the least conservative of this group.

Among foreign-car owners, the political-philosophical spectrum runs from those with Japanese models (more liberal than American-car owners but distinctly more conservative than other foreign-car owners) to those with German cars (Volkswagen drivers are not as liberal as those who own Mercedes) to the extremists who drive Swedish cars, with Saab owners the most left-leaning of all (98% of the faculty members with Saabs voted for McGovern in 1972).

People who have both an American and a foreign car are, predictably, in the middle of the spectrum. On the other hand, the most liberal faculty members of all, those who make even Saab owners seem conservative, the ones who are "to the left in social views, the least religious, the most involved in high culture and scholarly research, the least interested in sports and the least committed to teaching" are the wild-eyed, fanatical 2% who don't own any car at all.

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Berper, Philadelphia Eagles' line-backer, after the team's first win following seven straight losses, six in exhibition games: "Every week when I get home, my son Jason asks, 'Who beat you today, Dad?' What a great feeling to be able to tell the little twerp we won."
- Lonnie Teper, sports information director at Cal State Los Angeles, reporting that a spy had been seen sneaking away from a tower near the team's practice field: "Actually, we're flattered. We were 1-7-1 last year."
- Al McGuire, Marquette basketball coach: "I don't know why people question the academic training of a student-athlete. Half the doctors in the country graduated in the bottom half of their class."

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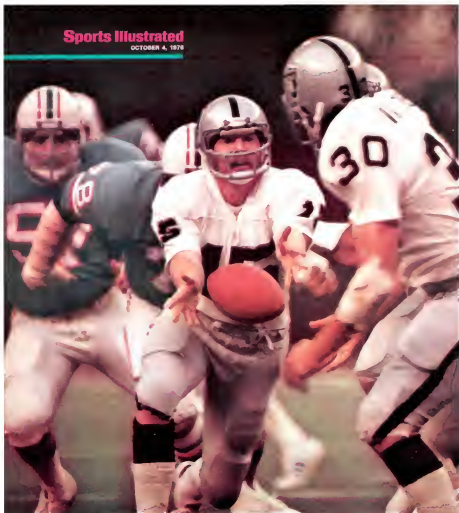
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RAE OF SUNSHINE

It looked like a dark day for the Raiders with Stabler and Biletnikoff sidelined, but rookies Mike Rae and Charles Philyaw shone as Oakland beat the Houston Oilers 14-13 to remain undefeated **by Dan Jenkins**



Quarterback Roe (15) conducted the Oakland offense with the aplomb of a veteran, while 6' 5" Philyaw played Ping-Pong with the passes of Dan Pastorini.

It seemed reasonable to suppose that the Oakland Raiders would call on some of their familiar characters to take care of the Houston Oilers last Sunday at the Astrodome in pro football's only indoor battle of the undefeateds. Everybody knew who they would be. Baby Face Nel-

son and Clyde Barrow and John Dillinger from the defense, of course. And Ken Stabler and Fred Biletnikoff from the offense. Who, then, was Mike Roe? And who was this Charles Philyaw, all 270 pounds, 6' 9" and size-17 shoe of him? Charles Philyaw had never even been

fined by Commissioner Pete Rozelle for assault, to say nothing of battery, like some of the other Raider defenders. And Mike Roe had been throwing touchdown passes for three years in Canada, where there are no NFL franchises.

It only served to show that the Oilers, *continued*

last season's giddy-surprise team, are not yet for real, especially on the intellectual level, for they spent an entire afternoon seeking ways to lose a 14-13 game to the Raiders. The ultimate difference was in the passes that Rae completed to Cliff Branch on behalf of the vacationing Seabler and Biletnikoff, and those that Phil- yaw baited to the ground when Hous- ton's Dan Pastorini tried to work his "throw it to Ken Burrough" offense.

The game's most fascinating play oc- curred early in the first quarter before many of the 42,338 fans had found their seats in that former Eighth Wonder of the World, the Astrodome. The play was the Oilers' fourth from scrimmage, in fact. That was when Pastorini, operating from the Oakland 34-yard line, hurled the football in the general direction of Houston's downtown skyscrapers and into the Raiders' end zone just at the time when Burrough, his favorite receiv- er, arrived there along with Oakland's George Atkinson. George is the safety who owes Pete Rozelle \$1,500 for the mi- graine he gave Pittsburgh's Lynn Swann a couple of weeks ago.

Here was a moment the more blood- thirsty customers had been anticipating: Burrough is Houston's Lynn Swann and Atkinson is Oakland's terrorist, who had said after the Swann incident, "What am I supposed to do, let him catch passes and put me out of work?"

Pastorini is a gifted athlete who throws wonderful spirals and boots them as well, but it has been said that he is not as se- rious a student of opposing defenses as he should be. As one NFL quarterback notes, "Dan will fade back and look around and say, 'Hell, I can't read that de- fense. I'll just throw it to Kenny.'" Mean- ing old Double Zero.

Whether that was what Pastorini had in mind on this stirring play did not mat- ter. Burrough had a step on Atkinson in the end zone, and the ball appeared to be within his reach. But Atkinson's arm struck Burrough on the Easter bonnet, as they say, and he suddenly had no chance to catch the football. The official on the play saw the infraction, called the interference penalty, and Houston got the ball at the Oakland one-yard line.

It was here that Houston started los- ing the game, for the Oilers came away with only three points on a Skip Butler field goal. It also was the first indication that Phil- yaw, the mammoth rookie end from Texas Southern, would almost



Fired \$1,500, Atkinson (43) was on best behavior, but still interlarded with Burrough in end zone

personally demolish Houston's offense.

In the third quarter, Houston was at the Oakland one-inch line but the Oilers came away with nothing, because Phil- yaw and some other white-jerseyed Rai- ders created such an enormous pile of human debris on the goal line that Pas- torini, trying to sneak the ball in on fourth down, went absolutely nowhere.

Let us speak of Phil- yaw one more time. Back in the second quarter, with Oak- land leading 7-6 and less than three min- utes left in the half, Houston seemed to be moving for at least a go-ahead field goal as Pastorini had a third-down-and- nine at the Raiders' 17-yard line. If he failed to get the first down—or the touch- down—the Oilers would surely get a field goal out of Butler that would put them in front.

One thing kept that from happening. Phil- yaw. Pastorini tried a drop-back pass—that being the best way he could possibly lose enough yardage to take Houston out of field-goal range. And there came Phil- yaw to bury Pastorini for the 12-yard loss that put the three points just out of Butler's range—the kicker missing from 46 yards.

When you added it up, the Oilers had three marvelous opportunities that should have produced a total of 17 points at least, and, in the end, they got only three.

Bum Phillips, the unique individual who coaches the Oilers, chose to take the blame for all of this. He was es- pecially unhappy with himself for not going for the field goal on fourth and one inch, there in the third quarter, which would have enabled Houston to move ahead 9-7—the time Phillips or- dered Pastorini to try the sneak into Phil- yaw's paws.

"It cost us the ball game," Phillips said later. "I felt like, well, forget what I felt like. I made the wrong decision, that's all. That Phil- yaw is something. He's only bigger than the Shamrock Hilton."

Despite all their generosity, though, the Oilers came within about two of Phil- yaw's feet from winning the game on the final play. Butler's 55-yard field-goal try sailing wide to the right.

Don't be mad at Phillips. He has the Oilers butting for him and playing with emotion, thus making up for some of their shortcomings—like the lack of high-



those big-timers from Oakland like to do things. For Houston's final practice session, Phillips did what he usually does: he invited all of the players' wives, dogs and kids to the workout. What did it matter? The Oilers obviously weren't working on their goal-line punch.

Oakland, on the other hand, went to the Astrodome Saturday afternoon for its usual secret stuff. The secret turned out to be Mike Rae, who was going to play quarterback against Houston because Stabler was going to rest whichever knee it was that he bruised in the Monday night win over Kansas City. And Rae wouldn't be throwing to Biletnikoff, because the receiver had bruised his back in the same game.

The Raiders did a lot of joking about injuries and fines last week after Atkinson (\$1,500) and Jack Tatum (\$750) received their bill in the mail from Rozelle for mugging Swann and some other Steelers. Al LoCisale, the right-hand man to Oakland Boss Al Davis, was asked before the start of the Oiler game exactly how it was that Stabler had been hurt against the Chiefs.

"Around our office, we refer to it as one of Kansas City's unfined hits," LoCisale said, smiling so he would not get fined himself.

For those who do not remember Rae, he happens to be the quarterback who took USC to the national championship in 1972. He was drafted by the Raiders in 1973, but there were three splendid reasons why he went north and east to Toronto in the Canadian Football League instead. Plainly ecstatic about the fact that he had thrown two touchdown passes to Cliff Branch—the first for nine yards, the second for 33—to beat the Oilers in his first NFL start, Rae related the three reasons.

"Their names were Stabler, Blanda and Lamonica," he said. It turns out that Rae was Oakland's fifth- or sixth-string quarterback as recently as a few weeks ago. Even when it became obvious that Stabler would not be playing against the Oilers, Oakland Coach John Madden never had a private talk with Rae to say something on the order of, "You're my starting quarterback. Snake is hurt. It's all on you. Don't choke." Rae, who had played the last half of the fourth quarter of the Kansas City game, worked with the first team in practice, and the other Raiders naturally assumed he would be the starter.

Rae has pretty good size at 6'1" and 190 pounds, and he still has the strong arm he displayed as a Trojan. He threw to a variety of receivers against Houston, completing 13 of 22 attempts for 170 yards, and on those occasions when it seemed wiser for him to take the sack instead of throwing away the football, he took it. Mostly, he had plenty of time to look around.

The two touchdown passes to Branch were beautifully executed. On the first, which came early in the second quarter on a third-down play from the Houston nine-yard line with the Oilers leading 6-0, Branch was crossing in the end zone with his man beaten, and Rae, who had been searching all over for somebody, laid it right into Branch's hands. On the second, the 33-yarder that increased Oakland's lead to 14-6 in the fourth quarter, Branch deserved much of the credit, but Rae had the ball where it was supposed to be. Branch was racing down the sideline, having beaten Mike Weger, and he had to make one of those over-the-head, over-the-shoulder circus-type things, remembering to keep his feet in bounds. Cliff Branch did exactly that.

While Rae moved Oakland when he had to and kept the Raiders unbeaten at 3-0, though only tied for first place in the AFC West with amazing San Diego, there were countless instances when Pastorini had his life made slightly miserable by Phil yaw. No statistics are kept on such things, but Phil yaw had to have batted down more screen passes than any other defensive end in the NFL last week. And he did it only on those occasions when he wasn't tossing Oiler blockers into the air, bottling up the Oiler runners, stopping Pastorini at the goal line and, in general, messing up most everything Houston attempted. Not bad for someone San Diego had passed up in the draft with the explanation, "He can't play. No way."

"The balls just didn't stay up in the air long enough for me to find them," said Phil yaw, trying to explain why he knocked Pastorini's passes down instead of intercepting them.

Rae's spirals stayed in the air long enough for Branch to find them, and, all in all, these two things helped the Raiders get through a tough Sunday with their second-string offense—and without another aggravated assault charge or a jail sentence from Judge Rozelle. **END**

quality running backs, a tight end with reliable hands and a little more beef in the offensive line. And when Billy (White Shoes) Johnson, the noted kickoff and punt returner, gets to touch the ball only four times, as he did against the Raiders, Phillips can't hide the Houston weaknesses under his cowboy boots.

The Oilers scrap for Phillips because he's honest and amusing, and he has found ways to get them together. The Oilers do not scrimmage in their training camp, for instance, and when Phillips was asked why, he remarked, "The Oilers aren't on the Oilers' schedule."

Phillips also has come up with what he thinks is a nice way for the Oilers to get to know each other. Each Thursday, after their workout, he has a few cases of beer brought into the training room, and everyone relaxes and gets to know everyone else. Bum, himself, plays dominoes. "If they're going down to the corner in twos and threes to get a beer," he says, "they might as well do it here so they can all hang around together."

The day before the Oakland game, there was an interesting contrast between the way Phillips operates and the way



With his .335 average, Hal McRae could become the first designated hitter to lead the league

THEY'RE EXCELLING IN AN AVERAGE RACE

The pennant chases have flagged, but the batting races haven't. The big news: for the first time in five seasons, Rod Carew may not win a title **by Ron Fimrite**

If there is any activity that brings forth the Uriah Heep in a ballplayer, it is the pursuit of a batting championship. The way the leading contenders disavow interest in the title would lead one to conclude that it must be more of an embarrassment than an honor, a little like wheeling a Ferrari into the old neighborhood. Even so feverish a competitor as the Reds' Pete Rose turned to mumbling apologies when asked last week if

he covets a fourth National League title. Well, maybe that is an exaggeration. But he did deny that he had a chance to win it, which for him is humble pie.

We should not be deceived by such false modesty. It is just that with the pennant races concluding (the Yanks and Reds had clinched, the nightmare of collapse was over in Philadelphia, but sleep was still fitful in K.C.), the boys in the batting races can no longer hide a lust for

personal gain in team achievement, and it is unfashionable now in sports to appear selfish—on the field, anyway.

The fact is, the leading contenders for the American League title, Hal McRae and George Brett, fit every definition of the team player and are, in fact, teammates on the Kansas City Royals. Neither admits he wants the championship for himself, both say they would be happy if it went to the other. What might keep either of them from getting it, they agree, is their continuing involvement in the struggle for the championship of the American League West with the dogged Oakland A's, to whom they lost two of three games last week in Kansas City. McRae's and Brett's nearest challengers are Minnesota Twin teammates Rod Carew and Lyman Bostock, who, say the two Royals, have an edge in the competition because they need only concern themselves with individual rewards.

"They're in a batting race," said Brett succinctly. "We're in a pennant race."

Not that the two races are mutually exclusive. In a critical 2-1 defeat of Texas last Friday, McRae and Brett each had three hits, McRae's last one winning the game in the 14th inning. Still, McRae could say afterward, "Winning the batting championship doesn't enter into my thinking at all. We've got to hit-and-run, advance runners, sacrifice, try for homers in the late innings when we're behind. On a losing team you can lay down bunts for hits, do anything you want to build your average."

Such talk fills Carew and Bostock with righteous indignation. "We do the same things they do," says Bostock. "It's the same game, isn't it? You don't stop trying to win whether you're in first or last."

"If anything," snapped Carew, "they [McRae and Brett] have the advantage. You'd think they'd be bearing down harder on a winning team. It's easier for them to get up for a game. Anyway, I've been doing all those things they talk about. It sounds to me as if they're beginning to feel a little pressure. If they can't stand the heat of a batting race, they should get out of it." Carew hit .359 last year to win his fourth consecutive batting title and join Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner and Rogers Hornsby as the only players to win that many in succession.

In the National League the powerful Reds, as might be expected, have three bona fide contenders in Rose, Joe Morgan and Ken Griffey. Rose is a switch hitter who sprays searing line drives. Griffey, like Morgan a left-handed batter, is so swift about he has beaten out more than 30 infield hits in each of the last two seasons. Morgan became a .300 hitter for the first time last season, but in this, his finest yet, he has been in the batting race almost from the beginning.

"I once said that winning the batting title didn't mean anything to me, but that isn't really true," he conceded last week. "It would be something special. What I meant was that I wouldn't change my style to keep my average up. I pull the ball and that cuts down on the area you are hitting to."

The hitter the various Reds feel they will be obliged to beat is Bill Madlock, the Cubs' third baseman, who is the defending champion. He won last year with a thumping .354, even though he played the final two weeks with a painful hand injury. Getting hurt is a perennial problem with him. This year, however, he escaped serious injury on the field. Off the field his luck was worse than usual. Last Friday night he was assaulted outside his room at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel in New York by two muggers who threw him against a wall and robbed him of some \$50. Suffering a slight concussion,

Madlock checked into a Chicago hospital the next day. At the time of the crime, he was leading the league.

Morgan describes Madlock as a "pure" hitter. "One time he'll beat out a chopper, another time he'll hit a bullet. Even the balls he doesn't hit well have a way of getting through and he seldom hits a line drive at someone."

Madlock is a natural hitter, as is Carew. Brett and McRae, by their own acknowledgment, are "created" hitters, their Dr. Frankenstein being the Royals' respected batting coach, Charley Lau. McRae was strictly a pull hitter when he came to Kansas City from Cincinnati in 1973. "I was a fastball hitter in a breaking-ball league," he says. "I got so fouled up I couldn't hit anything. Charley got me to go to the opposite field. He flattened out my bat, got my feet closer together. You look at pictures of the old hitters—not the power hitters, the high-average guys—and you'll see they carry their bats flat off the shoulder. What has Charley meant to me? Oh, I'd say about a hundred grand."

Brett similarly credits Lau with adjusting his style to cope with the generous dimensions of Royals Stadium, with its 385-foot power alleys. Both he, a left-handed hitter, and McRae, a righty, now specialize in liners to the opposite field.

Of the nine serious candidates for



Waldorf muggers stole Bill Madlock's .326 bat

the batting titles—Philadelphia's Garry Maddox should be included—five are lefties, three hit right-handed and one switches; five are infielders, three are outfielders and McRae is a designated hitter. This is not because of any defensive inadequacy—McRae is a respectable outfielder—but because, as Manager Whitley Herzog suggests, "he plays with such enthusiasm out there, he's always getting hurt." If McRae were not so industrious about staying alert during a game, his relative inactivity could well prove a liability; it could affect his concentration.

Rose, 35, and Morgan, 33, are the veterans of the group. The junior member, Brett, 23, is, naturally enough, the least nonchalant, the least successful at hiding his eagerness for the title. "I try not to notice my average, but of course I know it," he says. "I try not to think about it. Then I come up to the plate here in K.C. and there it is, in giant numbers on the scoreboard—'Brett .333.' There's no way I can't notice it."

When the calculators stopped flashing Sunday, the contestants stood: McRae .335, Brett .331, Carew .326, Bostock .325, Griffey .319, Madlock .336, Maddox .330, Rose .326, Morgan .324.

Yes, George, it would take a heap of false modesty not to notice.

Defending champ Carew asserts talk that playing for an also-ran makes it easier to up averages



ON AN OLD MOVIE LOT, DONNA WAS PRIMA

Over the same territory where Gary Cooper shot *Frank Miller* dead, Donna Caponi Young gunned down her rivals to win *The Carlton* and \$35,000 **by Sarah Pileggi**



Playing on her home course in front of friends, Young took the lead after two rounds—and was gone

QUESTION: What do *National Velvet*, *Stalag 17*, *High Noon* and the richest tournament in the history of women's golf have in common?

ANSWER: Three thousand acres of brush-covered hills and dusty canyons in the western reaches of California's San Fernando Valley known as the Warner Ranch, that's what.

For three decades the Warner Ranch was rented to movie companies which transformed its arid landscape into whatever the script at hand called for, be it England, Nazi Germany or the Old West. In the 1950s, when the movie moguls moved out, the bulldozers rolled in and the old Warner Ranch became Calabasas Park, a real-estate development with a Robert Trent Jones golf course that last week was the site of *The Carlton*, a new tournament on the LPGA tour worth \$205,-

000. And that, sports fans, is more money than female athletes have ever competed for.

Donna Caponi Young, whose home is in the San Fernando Valley and whose husband Ken runs the pro shop at Calabasas, put her knowledge of the mysteries of the big, fast greens to work and walked away with the tournament and the \$35,000 first prize, more money than she has won in nine of her 12 years on the tour. On Friday, after two rounds of 69, she was six under par and held a four-stroke lead. Although she shot a 72 on Saturday, she nonetheless increased her lead to five as challengers failed to materialize and on Sunday another 72 gave her victory by five strokes. Judy Rankin and Jane Blalock tied for second.

There was one moment on Saturday when it looked as if someone might challenge Young. Sandra Palmer began her

round six strokes back but by the 18th she had reduced the margin to three. There, facing a 170-yard second shot into the wind to carry the water, Palmer chose to lay up with a seven-iron. She then pulled her third shot into thick grass a few inches off the green, hit a poor chip less than halfway to the pin and wound up with a bogey 6. Young, playing just behind, went for the green for the third day in a row, and for the third day in a row was rewarded with a birdie.

The two-stroke swing on the last hole on Saturday turned Sunday's final round into a virtual walkover. Although Young insisted, "It's tough to have a big lead—you don't know whether to charge or protect it," Palmer and several dozen other players would gladly have been faced with her dilemma.

Young's first victory was the U.S. Open in 1969, her fifth year on the tour. She won the Open again the next year to become the only player besides Mickey Wright and Susie Berning to have won two in a row. In those days she was a 180-pound brunette. Now she is a 138-pound blonde and having a lot more fun. Three weeks ago she launched into a program of positive visual thinking called Power Golf. Her victory the very next week in the Portland Golf Classic may have been a coincidence, but no one is likely to convince her of that now. Her two straight winning weeks have earned her more than \$41,000, which is only slightly less than she won all last year, and that was her best year ever.

"Every time I hit a bad shot I do this," she says, and she touches her right thumb and first two fingers together. "Then I visualize the good shot I should have hit so that when it's time to hit the next shot I have replaced the bad shot with a positive attitude. It's as if I had just hit a good shot." Her level of concentration throughout *The Carlton* was extraordinary, considering she was playing in front of hundreds of friends and family, all of whom wanted at least to say hello.

"I'm all right," she said when someone remarked that she seemed dazed after the third round. "I'm concentrating and haven't come out of it yet."

Far more significant than the prize money at *The Carlton* (which, after all, was only \$20,000 more than the LPGA's rich uncle, David R. Foster of Colgate-Palmolive, had put up for the Dinah Shore tournament a few years ago) was

the fact that another corporate giant had entered the LPGA picture. It was a harbinger of good times for the tour and good times are long overdue in women's golf.

The tour's yearly prize money exceeded the \$1 million mark in 1972, yet by 1975, when 37-year-old Ray Volpe was hired to oversee a wholesale renovation of the 26-year-old organization, LPGA prize money was still nowhere near \$2 million. Its treasury, thanks to some messy and unsuccessful litigation with Jane Blalock, was in the red. The golfers, who had endured hard work and unfulfilled promises for years, had to watch women's tennis take off under what, from their angle, looked like spontaneous combustion, while they, in spite of the efforts of such people as Carol Mann, seemed to be at a standstill.

That they had even reached \$1 million was largely the result of Colgate's lavish investment in golf, and in spite of their gratitude to Foster, the players were convinced that he had frightened away other corporate sponsors, perhaps permanently. Once he retired, they feared, Colgate might withdraw, leaving them back at Go.

Enter Volpe, a veteran of seven years with the Doyle, Dane, Bernbach advertising agency and four years as vice-president of marketing for the National Hockey League. Volpe speaks the language of money, marketing and Madison Avenue, and he has made believers of all but the most skeptical veterans. "The name of the game is merchandising," says Carol Mann. "He walks on water as far as I'm concerned," says Donna Young.

Volpe, with the aid of a young staff he enticed away from the NHL and the Virginia Slims tour, raised the prize money from \$1.4 million in 1975 to \$2.8 million, and as a result all of the leading players are earning more. Judy Rankin became the first woman golfer to top \$100,000—her second last week, worth \$19,300, gave her \$138,734 for the year—while Palmer has won \$86,194 and JoAnne Carner \$86,908. Volpe anticipates more than \$3.2 million in prize money in 1977. He acquired new tournaments this year in three of the country's biggest population centers—New York, Los Angeles and Cleveland—and next year will add San Francisco, Rochester and Detroit to the tour. In 1976 the tour in-

cluded eight events worth \$100,000. Next year there will be at least 10. NBC will televise the Ladies Masters in April and the LPGA Championship in June; the networks will now be televising five tour events. Out of nerve and thin air, Volpe created the Mixed Team Championship (the Palmers, Arnold and Sandra, are one pairing) which will take place in December at Doral in Miami, sponsored by Pepsi-Cola and the—hold on—Hotel and Restaurant Employees' and Bartenders' International Union. He has persuaded PBS, the Public Broadcasting System, to televise it and two or three other 1977 events as well.

Further, Volpe has created an in-house marketing and advertising agency called People & Properties, Inc., run by Tony Andrea, 31, also out of DDB by the NHL, and Edd Griles, 30, which offers inexperienced tournament sponsors "full servicing," for a fee. The Carlton, a tournament so classy it provided the players with buckets of new Titleist balls on the

practice range, was a sample of P&P's work. "We figure that if we give our sponsors 100% to 150% of what they expect, we will build a strong organization," says Andrea.

"The golf industry is dumb! Dumb!" Volpe mutters. "They have intimidated women and children right out of the game. Where will golfers come from if children don't play? It's a perfect family game. Where else can a father spend four hours with a son? It's healthy for clubs, healthy for families. That's one reason I pushed the mixed team event—men and women playing together."

Perhaps, when you think about it, prophets and visionaries are just advertising men with long beards. The gleam in the eye is the same. "I represent the organization," says Volpe. "Players come and go. The organization remains. I represent Babe Zaharias and the future. The players are now."

At Calabasas it seemed as if the future had arrived.

END

While she didn't win at Calabasas, it should be pointed out that Rankin has earned a record \$138,734





The Terrapins' head coach, Jerry Claiborne, finally has things the way he likes them—in harmony.

RISING HIGH ON THE HIT PARADE

Maryland is moving up in the charts as other major teams face the music and fiercer foes

by Edwin Shrake

Jerry Claiborne was born to be a coach. Growing up the next to youngest of nine kids in rural Kentucky, Jerry took right to the notion that a family ought to be organized. You had to get it straight who would chop the weeds, who would milk the cows even if it was snowing in the black of the morning. With a crowd of folks in the house and a daddy usually off working as a country cop, which is a profession that can get personal and serious in a hurry and doesn't pay much, you didn't have time to argue about motivation in any abstract sort of way.

When Jerry Claiborne was hired to be the football coach at the University of Maryland four years ago, he walked into a deal where the crops had not been paying off for a long while. Some good

men, successful at other places, had failed at the job for one reason or another. The football program was a mess. A fan could rise rattling splinters from a wood bench at Byrd Stadium. There were more people looking at stuffed ducks in the natural sciences exhibit on a Saturday afternoon than there were gazing down at the action in the grassy bowl sunk in the earth behind the basketball field house.

In Claiborne's first season at Maryland, the football team turned around from seven straight years of losing to a 5-5-1 record. In the next three seasons Maryland won two Atlantic Coast Conference championships and went to three bowl games. This year Maryland is undefeated and, as eight of the 11 teams ranked above the Terrapins at the season's start have lost or been tied, Mary-

land has moved up and up, ever higher in the Top 10. Its strength to a considerable degree lies in the weakness of its opponents (among them, Richmond, West Virginia and Wake Forest). Last week while Maryland was plundering lowly Syracuse 42-28, second-ranked Ohio State was upset by Missouri (page 52). Georgia, also ranked above Maryland, could be the next to fall in the ratings, for surely its opponent this week, Alabama, is a sterner foe than Villanova, which Maryland meets at home.

Claiborne admits there are certain dates on the schedule that might tend to put his players to sleep. "This schedule was made years ago," he says. "We're shopping for games with the Big Eight, the Bag Ten, the biggest we can get. But our guys had better believe anybody can

jump up and knock us off. We can't allow this Top 10 stuff to go to our heads."

Claiborne's special talents are organization, motivation and hard work. His blue Chrysler is parked in front of his office from early morning well into dark of night. As he did as a boy, Claiborne works zealously and urges everyone around him to do the same, lest another Great Depression should fall across the land.

So it is no longer necessary for a gray-haired, red-faced Maryland alum to lift his right hand to the left breast pocket of his blazer and mention Jim Tatum or Bear Bryant or other Maryland football heroes of the past. The glory days are all at once no mere faded memory.

The resurrection of University of Maryland athletics began in 1969 when Jim Kehoe, the track coach, took over as athletic director. Kehoe, who did an extraordinary leap from private to lieutenant colonel in the 81st Infantry in the Pacific in World War II, hired Lefty Driesell as basketball coach and Bud Beardmore as lacrosse coach. Maryland soon became a winner in those sports again, kept on winning in track and field and came to the fore in less reported games like women's basketball. Football, however, continued to founder until Jerry Claiborne proposed his name for the job in early 1972.

Claiborne had some strange ideas. For example, he thought that how a person carried on in private reflected how he would perform before a multitude, and he thought the Russians knew better than anyone how to build strength and speed. You could learn to run fast like the Russians by running downhill while leaning forward—the leg motors would speed toward their potential and the brain motor would not get in the way. Claiborne thought lifting free-standing weights, as the Russians did, created more muscle power than isometrics or elaborate machines. Furthermore, Claiborne thought contemplation of the act—a brain picture of the right way to do it just before you do it—would help you bring off the act correctly.

The barbells for football players at Maryland used to lie on the concrete at one end of Byrd Stadium. You could lift them if you wanted to, if it wasn't cold

continued

Syracuse rarely stopped Atkins, as his 215 yards rushing led the Targs to a 42-26 win



or raining. To see football game films, the players had to go to the zoology building. It had a room big enough. The quickest shower after practice was a garden hose stuck through the window.

A better program would cost money. Kehoe hired an old friend, Colonel Tom Fields, to head the Terrapin Club. In 1969 the club donated \$30,000 to Maryland athletics. This year the goal is \$700,000. Maryland has 105 players on football scholarships at a cost of more than \$350,000 a year. Seven seasons ago there were 290 contributors to the Terrapin Club. Now there are 1,650, less than half of them Maryland alumni. Football players and coaches have a new building that includes weight and meeting rooms and a dressing room with piped-in music. One practice field has an artificial green carpet that is used in wet weather or in preparation for games on the vile stuff (Byrd Stadium has a field of grass that by next year will be solid Bermuda).

Kehoe had the splintered wooden benches covered in plastic and aluminum, and he had the stadium painted to make it a bright place to sit and enjoy.

Byrd looks like a college football stadium now, curled in a hollow below Ellicott Hall, where the football players live. To say that Byrd looks like a college football stadium means that it does not brutalize the campus. At the Universities of Texas and Nebraska, and many others, the football plants stand like factories above company towns. Byrd fits in with the red brick and white trim of the older buildings. But it will hold 59,000 people, and there are only two open dates on the Maryland home schedule until 1990.

Below the stadium and off to one side are the football building and the practice fields. On a portable tower 50 feet above the practice fields you can find Jerry Claiborne on weekday afternoons. He will be wearing a red outfit and will have a bullhorn at his lips. He will be watching practices on at least two of the fields. Every few minutes the bullhorn will blare words of advice. Claiborne is up on that five-story-high tower by himself. Watching.

Claiborne keeps a good Baptist eye on the players. On Wednesday nights at about nine, he appears at Ellicott Hall.

He goes straight to the top two floors. On the lower floors a resident may entertain a visitor of a different sex. None of that business on the top two floors. Except for the very few that are married, the football players live in isolation. On Wednesday nights at about eight they scrape the debris out of their rooms and load it up for the dump. They don't want Claiborne to see any trash. Claiborne does not come in with white gloves and a Marine master sergeant but he does come in looking around. His theory is if you've got a trashy room you've probably got a trashy life. And if you're trashy, you won't be on the first team.

The same thing goes for face and head hairs. You can look like a werewolf from January until the end of August. But there will be no werewolves on the first team come September. The players don't complain about it much. They buy Claiborne's rules because his teams have been winners. "I guess he's trying to make all of us a little like himself," says Defensive Back Ken Roy. "He's a Southern gentleman and he's happy being one. He must figure we can be as happy as he is if we do the same things."

Claiborne is 48, keeps his sideburns clipped to the tops of his ears, meticulously follows printed schedules, has been seen watching game films at 4:30 a.m. Sunday and confesses to being a workaholic. During the season he tries to have dinner with his wife Faye at home on Wednesdays and at a restaurant on Thursdays. A couple of years ago Claiborne was quoted as complaining that Faye left her shoes lying around the bedroom in a disorderly fashion. When he got home that night, Faye and their youngest daughter, Eileen, had strewn the house with shoes.

Claiborne's success at Maryland is based on the confidence he has instilled. "The winning attitude was the main thing I brought," he says. "There were some good athletes here. But they were worried that a mistake might beat them, rather than thinking they were going to make something good happen that would win. If we'd really had the winning attitude, we'd have beaten Alabama, Florida, Penn State. Then we did beat Florida in the Gator Bowl [13-6] last December, and I think that got us over the hump."

Since he has been at Maryland, Claiborne has passed out to each freshman football player a copy of the book *Psycho-Cybernetics* by Dr. Maxwell Maltz.

continued

Pressured by Techie Ralph Fisher (71) and Maryland defenders, Ron Farnesi had three interceptions.



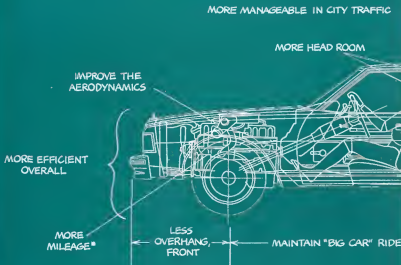


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Blanton Collier used to urge the Cleveland Browns to read that book. If you were a guard you would picture in your mind wheeling smartly out, churning past the tackle and wiping out the cornerback. Then you would do it in real life just as you imagined it. Some of the Maryland players have never read the book, but others claim it has power. "It's uncanny," says Fullback Tim Wilson. "You visualize throwing a block. Then in the game you throw it. It's like a dream."

Claiborne picked up his notion that football players ought to lift weights from Alvin Roy, who started doing weight programs for Louisiana high schools and went on to introduce them in the pros. The prime living example of what a weight program can do is Randy White, who was a No. 1 draft choice of the Dallas Cowboys. White came to Maryland as a fairly ordinary 212-pound freshman who could bench-press no more than 260 pounds and could run the 40 in 4.9. When he graduated as everybody's All-America and the Outland Trophy winner, White was 251, could bench-press 460, could whistle the 40 in 4.6 and seldom faced a team that would venture a ball-carrier in his direction.

Many of the Maryland players now hang around the weight room for hours, huffing, grunting, pushing, lifting, doing "curls for the girls." The prevailing opinion is that a first-semester who does not lift all the weights he can will discover himself muscled aside, perhaps even falling so low that he must take part in the "Alamo," a Wednesday scrimmage for players who are not up to playing in the Saturday game.

Claiborne was a defensive back for Bear Bryant at Kentucky and an assistant coach for Bryant at Kentucky, Texas A&M and Alabama, as well as working for Frank Broyles at Missouri and Eddie Crowder at Colorado. For 10 years he was head coach at Virginia Tech. "There's really no comparison in the strength of football players now, with the weight programs, and 20 years ago," Claiborne says. "Players are much stronger. That's one reason for all the injuries. You take a big powerful fast guy with his muscles hard from weights, and put him running full speed on artificial turf, and have him hit a guy like himself, and you truly have a blow passed."

So weight lifting has become at Maryland, at least in the mind, a matter of self-

continued



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THE HIT PARADE *continued*

preservation. But it doesn't guarantee survival. A week before this year's opening game, Quarterback Larry Dick, who had started and played most of the Gator Bowl before missing spring practice for a knee operation, was tackled in a scrimmage and fell on his right elbow. He arose with an ailment that is known to millions as "tennis elbow" and has not played so far this year.

That left the quarterback job open for Mark Manges (pronounced man-gess), who was the starter at the beginning of the 1975 season, got hurt and lost his position to Dick. The two of them spent most of last year replacing each other and were running even this fall until Dick's right arm went lame.

"Mark has been outstanding since then," Claiborne says. "He's a little bigger (6' 3", 220) and stronger than Larry. They're both good throwers and good leaders. When Larry gets well, we'll have two fine quarterbacks again."

Manges finds that kind of talk disconcerting, but it is typical of his coach, whom the Terps refer to as "The Bone" because he is such a hard, demanding man. Manges is something else—casual and headstrong. He dislikes the way he and Dick are shuffled. "I came here with a lot of confidence," he says. "I've been first-string ever since I played football. So has Larry. So we don't joke about this. My confidence suffers if I don't know whether I'm starting or not."

With Dick's right arm in a sling, there was no question about it last Saturday as Maryland took its now lefty position—eighth in the nation, first time in the Top 10 in 20 years—up to Syracuse as an 18-point favorite. Syracuse had already lost to Bowling Green and Iowa, and Coach Frank Maloney had described his team as playing "some of the worst football in the country."

Sophomore Tailback Steve Atkins, a 6-foot 225-pounder who may become the best runner in Terp history before he is through, scored the first Maryland touchdown, taking the ball in from the one after a fumbled punt. Then Atkins' favorite blocker, the 215-pound Wilson, scored from the one and Maryland looked well on its way to another smashing victory. "I hope we are not going to take Syracuse too lightly," Manges had said. It appeared that would not be possible.

But Syracuse Quarterback Bill Hurley came back with a running show of his own to move the ball to the Maryland

continued

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16. Freshman Ron Farnesi entered for one play and threw a touchdown pass. Playing with a strained right wrist, Atkins fumbled on the next series, and Hurley wriggled into the end zone from five yards out. Suddenly the score was 14-14.

Manges, facing a surprisingly tough Syracuse pass rush, found Vince Kinney for a 29-yard touchdown pass, and at halftime the Terps stood seven points up. Maryland did not score in the third quarter but managed two quick touchdowns in the fourth on an interception return by John Stanford and an 11-yard run by Atkins.

But Syracuse fought back, striking for two scores on runs by Bob Avery. With the score 35-28 and a little less than four minutes to play, Atkins, who has rushed for 517 yards in Maryland's first three games, tried a counter-play. Syracuse linemen grabbed for the ball, but Atkins pulled away and dashed 76 yards to put Maryland safely out front 42-28. In all, Atkins gained 215 yards on 29 carries, breaking the single-game school record.

Back at his home in Maryland that night, Claiborne paced nervously, picking things up and putting them down. He sleeps like a lumberjack the night before a game, but the night after he jangles and frets and sometimes must resort to sleeping pills. "We were not ready," he said. "Our minds were not right. We can't afford any more games like this."

Life surely would have been easier for Claiborne if in 1946 he had followed the advice of his high school coach who told him to go into the air-conditioning business, but Jerry never wanted to do anything but coach. "I loved to teach and put things together," he says. "I like to see things working in harmony."

At the moment, despite the ratings, the football team at Maryland is no better than second in the hearts of the university's athletic fans. Maryland students for the most part do not live on campus. They travel to school from the crowded Washington-Baltimore area. The basketball team captured their fancy long before the football team began to get interesting. "It's great that we're winners in basketball and the other sports," Claiborne says. "And now we're winners in football, too. You can bet we're not going to quit working at it." With a family like the one Claiborne has now, it keeps him hustling to be sure the weeds are chopped and the cows are milked, even on the blackest of mornings.

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GETTING IN STEP WITH DAD

Jim Shoulders appreciates that Marvin Paul is following in his footsteps but fusses at his only son's heel-dragging pace by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

An old cowboy, Casey Tibbs has not always been the luckiest financially. A friend says Tibbs "is the only guy in the world who could go into Fort Knox with a grain scoop and a gunnysack and come out with his wallet missing."

Money aside, Casey went through a variety of stages in his life. One had him firing blanks from a pistol. It seems Tibbs was in California with another cowboy, Jim Shoulders. Understand, Casey long led the sport of rodeo in color, but Shoulders is the alltime and forevermore leader in achievement, with 16 world championships.

So . . . Shoulders is on the telephone. Tibbs slips up on him and, in the confines of the phone booth, squeezes off a blink. At which Shoulders erupts, saying something like, "Goodness gracious, Casey, I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't frighten me like that." And Shoulders jabs Casey in the stomach with a knife.

Then suddenly commiserating with Tibbs, Shoulders rushes his colleague to a hospital. But moments later, as the story is retold, Shoulders looks at his watch and says, "My God, Casey, I'm up on a bull." And he bolts from the hospital to a rodeo arena, seldom to discuss the subject again. Tibbs, now retired in Southern California with nine world titles, refuses to discuss the episode at all.

In fact, this story generally has been kept within the rodeo fraternity. That's because Shoulders is a legend—seven times best in the world in bull riding, five times the all-round king, four times bareback bronc winner—and it wouldn't do for word to circulate that The Legend was wont to perform stomach surgery on split-second notice.

Shoulders' wife Sharon remembers when she was in the ninth grade in Tulsa, Okla. and met Jim. "He was supposed to be quite a rounder. You know, wicked and evil but"—we must pause here for her giggle—"I kind of liked it."

And he was wilder than mountain scenery. Says Sharon, "For our first date, he asked me to go horseback riding. When I got there, I found out he had arranged for only one horse. And at the end of the date, he tried to kiss me. I jumped off that horse and went runnin' in and told my grandmother that all those things I'd heard about Jim Shoulders were true." Says Shoulders, "She was the dumbest girl I ever met." Thus, true love was born.

These stories are, of course, the stuff

of which legends are made. Shawn Davis, who has won the saddle bronc championship three times, says, "If there's a legend in rodeo, Jim's it." But such tales tend to make Shoulders look like a barroom brawler who should be kept 500 feet from all women and children and most men. Not true. What the stories really demonstrate is Shoulders' determination that things should go the way he wants them to.

Shoulders, who has been retired from rodeoing for more than a decade (his glory years were 1955-59, when he won 12 of his 16 titles), today presides over what nearly everyone agrees is The First Family of Rodeo. When you talk of rodeo families, you start and end with the Shoulders of Henryetta, Okla.

Jim raises rodeo stock and puts on rodeos. Sharon and the girls (there are three) help at rodeos, doing everything from saddling horses to carrying flags to being rodeo secretaries to serving as mother confessors for troubled cowboys; son Marvin Paul rides bulls; a recently acquired son-in-law is a rodeo clown. Daughter Marcie, 15, says she knows why her parents stay together. "My dad's too messy and my mom's too dingy. They really need each other."

It's an Old West kind of family, a family with a lot of love in it. It's all too corny for a soap opera. Over yonder, one of the Shoulders' kids bulks at the old man's instructions. He bellows, "Don't you doubt my word. If I tell you a chicken can pull a wagon, get a harness."

The Shoulders' family life is rodeo. And rodeo needs the family. For the sport is at an awkward point. In the public mind, it has no stars, except old guys like Tibbes and Freckles Brown. Bill Linderman is dead. Sure, there's Larry Mahan, but despite his six all-around world championships, he has more of a yearning to make it big in Hollywood and in the clothing business than in the arena. Two comers are Tom Ferguson, who has won a record \$74,917 so far this year, and Leo Cumarillo, who shared the all-around title with Ferguson last year. Says Camarillo, who has mixed blood, "When I mess up, it's the Mexican coming out in me. When I do good, it's the Indian." Camarillo has the oratorical flair; his talent fair awaits further evaluation. Ditto a flashy saddle bronc rider, Monty Henson.

Oh, yes, there's another possible for rodeo superstardom. His name: Shoulders. Only this time around the arena, it's not Jim, but son Marvin Paul.

Marvin Paul, there are people who say you ride those bulls as well as your dad did and that you could even be better. What do you think when you hear that?

"I don't believe them."

At 25, Marvin Paul lives rather easily as the son of The Legend. "I'm not ashamed of being Jim Shoulders' son," he says. And he senses that his last name does open a few chutes for him with rodeo people.

There's a problem: Marvin Paul may not want to be a star. He says, "I'd like to win at least one world title." But Jim Shoulders isn't so sure. "It's not an obsession with Marvin Paul to be champion. I fuss at him, but sometimes I think he don't have enough ambition."

Marvin Paul's mother says, "I don't think Marvin Paul has any desire to break his dad's records. He takes time away from rodeo to do fun things, and that's good. Jim never did that." Predictably, it takes a sister—in this case, Jana, 19—to be roughest on Marvin Paul. "My dad is 10 times tougher than Marvin," she says. "Marvin is lazy. He doesn't get up and he doesn't help." Candor is a Shoulders family trait.

In discussions with scores of other rodeo people, the word "lazy" does keep cropping up in talks about Marvin Paul. "I don't give a flip what anybody says," insists Marvin Paul, who really said flip, "I'm not goin' to rodeos just to go to rodeos. [There are some 600 pro rodeos this year, Marvin Paul plans to make about 80.] Look, if you're cold and not winnin', that's spendin' money. If you're hot and winnin', that's called makin' money. Got it?" Yes, sir.

In the seven years Marvin Paul has been competing he has earned close to \$100,000. His dad won \$436,569 over 20 years. These sums are not as impressive as they sound; expenses reduce them some 50%.

Marvin Paul got married last year. His wife Liz, 20, says, "I always wanted to marry a cowboy. I always wanted to marry a bull rider. I always wanted to marry the best." Which means, she confesses, she had in mind Donnie Gay, currently the best bull rider in the country. When she met Marvin Paul, he didn't say anything, she recalls, until she sat on his hat. Then he said one word, with which this page will not be soiled.

"Marvin," she says, "is an upright, all-American guy. But I'm going to travel

continued



When Marvin Paul is up, especially on a bull Jim supplied, fans wonder for whom The Legend roots

with him. I mean I'm not stupid." Of her husband's line of work, Liz says, "Bulls just flat scare me to death, but it doesn't bother me for Marvin to mess with them."

A bull-riding friend, John Davis, says of Marvin Paul, "He knows he'll never equal his dad." Several years ago Marvin Paul rode Midget Mouse, a bull owned by his father and never before ridden. Those who witnessed the epic ride say it's hard to know whose side Jim Shoulders was on. Make no mistake, Jim does love to see the bulls—especially his bulls—smooth over the cowboys.

So the feeling lurks in many minds that should a spark of want-to ever be ignited in Marvin Paul's head, he has ample seat-of-the-pants ability to make it big. Really big.

This year's performances, however, illuminate Marvin Paul's problem: he has won only a shade over \$12,000 and, depending on the day, is either just in or just out of the top 15 money-winners. Only the first 15 in each event qualify for the National Finals Rodeo in Okla-

homa City on Dec. 3-11. Nonetheless, Marvin Paul is still considered one of the best bull riders. So what happened? "He's ridin' fine," says his mother. "But we can't blast him out of the house to get him to rodeo. He likes to stay home and play with Elizabeth." Jim Shoulders didn't ever stay home to play.

Of the three Shoulders girls, Marcie is the free spirit. She says her dad never wears socks that match because he won \$13 on the first bull he ever rode—and he was wearing unmatched socks when he did it. It's Marcie who tells the funny stories about the rats crawling in the Henryetta movie theater; it's Marcie who says the family moved from the ranch outside of Henryetta to a town home a few years ago "after the floor fell out of the bedroom." What about Marvin Paul? "I just hope he does good and doesn't do anything too drastic to himself."

Jana married Marvin Paul's best friend, rodeo clown Bobby McAfee. How does Jana feel when her brother is riding a bull owned by her father and her husband is the clown charged with keep-

ing the critter from going the rider? "I pray an awful lot."

Jamie, 28, is farthest removed from rodeos. She married a schoolteacher "because I like routine and you can't get more routine than a schoolteacher." At a rodeo the other day she admitted, "My stomach knots up when Marvin Paul is fixin' to be in a storm."

Since she's the oldest, Jamie perhaps has the best insights into her dad. "He was so good," she says, "because he had so many mouths to feed." Life at the Shoulders is not always bliss. Says Jamie, "I remember hearing my folks having a fight and Mom said, 'I'm leaving.' And Dad said, 'Don't let the doorknob hit you in the butt.'"

Sharron Shoulders is everybody's all-conference sweetheart. A friend, Liz Kesler of Missoula, Mont., says, "She's sweet, smiling, perfectly groomed, sweet, congenial, helpful, understanding, sweet, vivacious and sweet." Sharron loves church suppers, tapes the kids' school paintings to the refrigerator door, copes with her husband and loves her role as a cheerleader for life.

Often when Jim was off rodeoing, she was home with the children, and wicked stories reached her ears. Casey Tibbs once told her a wild episode supposedly concerning Jim and concluded, "Do you believe me?" Said Sharron, "Sure, that sounds just like him." Soon, Sharron says, "the time came when I knew I had to build a foundation for our life or listen to the gossip. There are so many things I would do differently. But I'm with Jim Shoulders isn't one of them."

She hopes Marvin Paul "will do good so he'll feel good." But how about the years of quiet agony watching Jim ride bulls and other ornery animals, and now Marvin Paul, and with a grandson toddling and already loving the bulls? "Mostly I'm just surprised when one of them falls off." Jim was injured significantly *x* times. We will let you fill in the blank. Any number over 100 will do. Mrs. Ellen Shoulders of Tulsa says of her son's competitive days, "I just sort of trailed along to pick up the pieces." Harry Tompkins, seven times a world champ, says of Shoulders, "He was a hazard to himself when he started out." Jim has long since tired of talking about his wrecks and now says, "Only thing was, once I skinned my finger. This 'un right here." Then he takes special delight in showing which one.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART



Daughter Marcie says Sharron and Jim need each other, and rodeoing needs the Shoulders clan.

continued

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IN STEP WITH DAD continued

Injury still dogs Jim Shoulders. This spring, while he was working his steers, his horse fell on him, breaking Jim's leg in five places. As with all the previous hurts, Shoulders gives it the macho dismissal. "You can't stop somethin' like this from hurtin' but you can damn well not let it bother you." Indeed, what is bothering Shoulders more now is his induction on Nov. 16 into the Oklahoma Hall of Fame. The honor doesn't stir Jim much, and when he was told he'd have to wear a white tie and tails, he was even less impressed.

Marvin Paul already has spilled plenty of blood from coast to coast and broke a leg two years ago. If one of the Shoulderses ever looks—or looked—injured, daughter Jamie says her mother "stands there sort of numb going berserk."

Sharron is anxious to tell how Marvin Paul, before he was married, gave her a refrigerator, stove, dishwasher and microwave oven "because he loves me—and because he couldn't think of anything else to do with his money."

Jim Shoulders is hauling one of his trucks down the interstate toward Henryetta. He's quietly miffed because there are a lot of Them Old Bulls to be shoved around at the ranch and Marvin Paul decided it would be more to his advantage to stay in bed.

But son-in-law Bobby McAfee is there to help, and as the miles slip by, The Legend is talking. Not chattering, talking. He waxes at the Oklahoma landscape and promises, "When it has got its Sunday clothes on, it's really somethin'." Then he tells a story we're not allowed to print here. He tells the punch line twice. When Shoulders is especially proud of a story, he tells the punch line twice. He's proud of most of his stories.

The Legend is still a hardscrabble kind of guy. He's not rich by any measure, although he owns some 4,000 acres of Oklahoma land. He sells and buys bulls and broncs, "Anything that has four legs and a tail," says Sharron. (On one occasion another cowboy, unable to find Sharron, said, "Jim's probably out sellin' her right now. She'll bring a good price.") Jim provides stock for rodeos, arranges to get Mexican steers across the border, hauls hay and pipe. Most lucrative of all are his summer rodeo schools.

Freckles Brown says, "Jim loves that dollar." Shoulders snorts that "money can't be everything. Health his to be somethin', maybe 2%."

Once at the ranch, Shoulders is a real cowboy. The old ranch house is vacant, but a sign remains. DON'T SPIT ON THE PORCH. WE AIN'T ALL THAT COUNTRY. Now Jim is a-bollerin' at the bulls. Later he pauses to wipe his shirt. "One of Them Old Bulls did somethin' on me. But that's okay. It's clean. It ain't never been on the ground. It ain't never been on the ground." He works on through the day, explaining, "I believe a man has got to work or steal to live and I'm too big a coward to steal."

By a recent count, Jim's ranch is populated by 47 Mexican steers, 26 saddle horses, 187 bucking horses and 97 bulls. There's also a key lying in the weeds to Room 61 of the Townsend Motel in Miami, Okla., a broken thermometer inscribed EX-LAX and enough empty beer cans to indicate folks often need a thirst quencher thereabouts to make it through both the hot and cold of this dusty land.

Shoulders is flat-out honest in his answers. ("Frankly, I think Marvin always liked his horses better than his mama") until the talk turns to money. At which time Shoulders becomes so forgetful you'd think his mind, at age 48, had gone moushy.

Shoulders avoids sentiment, especially when it involves his family, always when it involves friends. For some time an Australian cowboy, Grahame Fenton, lived with the Shoulderses. Sharron loaned Fenton one of Jim's shirts to wear in a rodeo. Fenton fell off and jumped over to Shoulders. "Jim," he said, "I think my arm's broke." Said Jim, "If you tore my shirt, I'll break your other damn arm." Says Fenton, "The man who waits for Jim Shoulders to praise him better not hold his breath or he'll suffocate."

With three of his four children married, Jim says he has learned something. "I thought the kids would leave home. Heck, every time I look up, they're all sittin' at my kitchen table eatin' my groceries."

Sometimes Jim will do little things to show Sharron he does love her. Like the time in New York when he locked her out of a hotel room. She had a difficult time retaining her dignity being as she was without benefit of clothes. "Sometimes," says Sharron, "you have a mental image of what you want your husband to be and sometimes you're disappointed. But I'll tell you the most important thing: there's a lot of love in our house."

END

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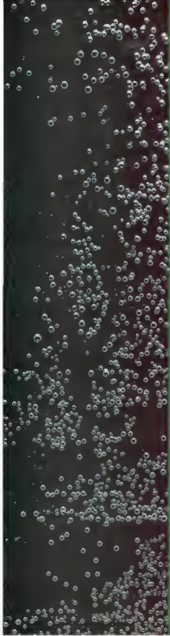


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PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

NEW FLIES THAT ARE FIT TO BE TIED

Inspired by new tools, new materials and species of fish that have been newly introduced in waters throughout the U.S., fly-tying freaks are devising novel patterns—like the Eelworm Streamer (left) and Damsel Wiggle Nymph (below)—that are just the ticket for bass, trout, salmon and denizens of the deep



CONTINUED



NOW HEAR THE LORD OF THE FLIES

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Dave Whitlock of Bartlesville, Okla., comes as close as anyone in this country to laying claim to the title of Lord of the Flies. Seven years ago, when he was 35, Whitlock took a gamble by quitting his job as a petroleum chemist for the U.S. Bureau of Mines to devote himself to artificial flies. The patterns that he devised, such as Whitlock's Sculpin, created so much excitement among the swelling ranks of flytiers that he no longer ties commercially. Nowadays he is the fly-tying editor of *Fly Fisherman* magazine, contributes both articles and illustrations to such books as Art Flick's *Master Fly-Tying Guide* and Doug Swisher and Carl Richards' *Fly Fishing Strategy* and holds fly-tying clinics in this country and abroad. The U.S. Information Agency has twice sent Whitlock to Europe to lecture on flies.

Whitlock and I were co-editors of a new book, *The Fly-Tyer's Almanac*, from which the flies shown here have been taken. The book is the first of a series of almanacs that will appear every two years to note new patterns, materials and techniques in a fast-changing field. The almanac is not for beginners but for the advanced fly freak.

As Whitlock says, "Fly tying is in a new era, like the start of a new art movement. Five or 10 years ago, a flytier would just turn out standard patterns like the Black Gnat or the Quill Gordon. But now that's changed. Tiers are beginning to think for themselves and devise new patterns to fit specific situations. There are obvious reasons for this, and travel is one. Very few persons now fish just home waters. But even if they do, there are more species of fish to catch because of introductions. Here in Oklahoma, in ad-

dication to largemouth bass, I can now fish for striped bass and brown trout. We're no longer strapped by tradition. Flytiers are using new tools and new materials and there is almost total acceptance of synthetics plus an upgrading of certain natural materials."

Whitlock tied the Eelworm Streamer—shown on page 46—as the fly rodder's answer to the spin fisherman's plastic worm. The shank of the hook is weighted with lead wire to get it down into the weeds, and the bead chain eyes, which add weight to the head, permit the streamer to be fished so that the six narrow saddle hackles undulate enticingly through the water. Besides largemouths, the Eelworm has caught its share of pike, muskies, brown trout and striped bass.

Another Whitlock tie is the Damsel Wiggle Nymph shown on page 47. The body is a half and half blend of beaver belly fur and Orlon, a petroleum product softer than lamb's wool. The legs are pheasant or partridge hackle tinted light olive, and the eyes, which add weight, are a pair of chained beads. The main trick is matching the seductive wiggle of the real-life nymph. To accomplish this, Whitlock hinges the rear half of the nymph to the front half with a loop of piano wire. "It turns on big trout like crazy," he says.

The concept of the Matuka Streamer—shown on the opposite page—comes from New Zealand. The Matuka differs from the standard American streamer in that the wings are tied down along the top of the body to simulate the dorsal fin of a huihu. Just as important, the wings and tail of the Matuka will not dogleg around the bend of the hook when the fly is cast. According to Whitlock, Matukas are most effective when tied with thickly dubbed bodies. The pattern has proved itself with trout, black bass and various saltwater species. Indeed, Harry Darbee, the professional Catskill tier who is revered by Wall Street types for his orthodox Atlantic salmon flies, has shocked the traditionalists by using his own ver-

sion of the Matuka for salmon in Nova Scotia. Darbee calls his pattern, which has a body of fluorescent orange chenille, "the Horrible Matuka." Darwin Atkin of Porterville, Calif. has surprised West Coast anglers by devising a line of steel-head flies, known as Mari-Boos, that are tied with marabou feathers that pulse in the current.

Bill Monahan, a college student and protégé of Swisher's and Richards', devised the midge patterns shown at left. Midge fishing may call for an angler to use size-24 hooks—as small as the letters printed on this page. The ties shown represent the larval, pupal, adult and adult flying stages. The body is polypropylene, another petroleum derivative, and if fishing for midging trout is infuriating, tying these patterns can be even more so.

The mayfly is the honored insect of dry-fly fishermen. The pattern shown opposite, a no-hackle "Double-Wing Side-winder" by René Harrop, a professional tier in St. Anthony, Idaho, is tied on a hook invented in 1973 by Peter Mackenzie-Philips, then sales manager of a British chemical company and now chairman and managing director of a tackle concern. Bored during a business meeting, Mackenzie-Philips was doodling mayflies when he realized that he might be on to a new and easy way of making extended bodies. The shank of his patented hook extends beyond the bend so that the mayfly's abdomen and tails appear real to a trout.

Dan Blanton of San Jose, Calif., specializes in streamer imitations of saltwater baitfish. His Needlefish, Bay-Delta Eel and Sar-Mul-Mac (sardine, mullet and mackerel) patterns were inspired by the ties of Bill Catherwood, a brilliant but reclusive flytier who lives in Tewksbury, Mass. Many saltwater fly fishermen believe patterns should be simple, because the fish will strike at almost anything, but as Blanton points out, some species are more selective, and "realistic simulation," as he calls it, will work

continued

Clockwise (from top right), the flies shown here are the Double Wing Side-winder, Atkin's Pole Kat Mari-Boo, the brackish-water Shrimp, Whitlock's tie of the Matuka Streamer from New Zealand, Whitlock and Monahan's life stage ties of the midge, Dan Blanton's Needlefish Streamer fly

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50



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Upsetting only for the Buckeyes

MISSOURI NEVER WINS OR LOSES WHEN
IT SHOULD. AS OHIO STATE LEARNED

People have learned to expect the unexpected from the University of Missouri football team. On any given Saturday the Tigers can beat anybody. Or lose to anybody. They belong in an

amusement park, with roller coasters.

Last Saturday they did it again, beating Ohio State 22-21. Let's not call it an upset, even if the Buckeyes were unbeaten, second-ranked and riding a 25-game winning streak at home. And even though Missouri had lost to Illinois (Jillins?) 31-6 the week before and was playing without Quarterback Steve Piskiewicz. After all, an upset occurs only when one team wins a game it is supposed to lose. The Tigers have been winning that kind of game for years.

Just look at the record. Four years ago Missouri followed a 62-0 loss to Nebraska with a 30-26 defeat of Notre Dame. In 1973 and '74 the Tigers shocked and shocked the Cornhuskers. They opened last season by defeating Alabama, only to play 500 the rest of the way. They began this year by trouncing Southern California 46-25 and then lost to Illinois. And you thought presidential candidates flip-flopped?

Missouri Coach Al Onofrio had an explanation for the defeat of Ohio State: "We pointed for the first and third games. Against Illinois we simply fell flat." In the Illinois game his team might also have paid too much attention to the stadium's P.A. announcer, who kept reminding everyone that the Ohio State game could be seen the following week on closed-circuit television.

Without Piskiewicz, the Tigers' prospects in Columbus seemed poor indeed. Zark the Shark had thrown three touchdown passes against the Trojans and was nearing Paul Chrastman's school record for total offense. But he was ineffective in the face of the Illinois defense (biting just seven of 18 passes for 64 yards) and had to leave at the end of the third quarter after aggravating a bum shoulder. He was hurt, embarrassingly enough, when one of his own backs cut the wrong way and speared him. The Tigers finished the game with Pete Woods, a 6'4", 210-pound junior—the star pitcher on the Missouri baseball team which won the Big Eight title last spring. Woods was expected to redshirt in football this season, but Piskiewicz's injured shoulder put a crimp in that plan.

As Missouri prepared for Ohio State, Woods was the best quarterback Coach Al Onofrio could muster. Unlike Zark, who is a classic drop-back passer, Woods prefers option roll-outs, throwing best on

the run. He also exudes enormous confidence. "I've been waiting for two years to play," he said before the game. "I don't see any problems at all."

The first half, however, belonged to the Buckeyes, who started the game by uncharacteristically, and unsuccessfully, throwing long for a touchdown on the first play. Woody Hayes settled down to his usual attack after that, spurning the pass and running Fullback Pete Johnson and Tailback Jeff Logan. With Tackle Nick Buonamici's pass interception at the Tiger 23 setting the stage for one score, Johnson bucked for three touchdowns within seven minutes of the second quarter, and Ohio State led at the half 21-7. Missouri's only score had come on a 31-yard pass from Woods to Joe Siewart.

Assessing those first 30 minutes, Onofrio said later, "They really took the starch out of us." In the second half, though, the Missouri defenders stood their ground, holding Johnson (who came up with sprained ankles) and Logan to 36 of their combined 229 yards. The Tigers were so unimpressed by Ohio State's passing that Safeties Mike Newman and Chuck Bunta cheated to just behind the line of scrimmage and finished as the team's leading solo tacklers.

When the Buckeyes tried to pass, they did so with regrettable results. Rod Gerald completed only one of eight attempts and was sacked three times by End Dale Smith. Missouri Linebacker Chris Garlich helped the offense get on the scoreboard in the third quarter by intercepting a Gerald pass and returning it to the Ohio State 36. Eight plays later Tailback Curt Brown picked up four of his 108 yards on a touchdown run that put the Tigers back in the game.

The score was still 21-14 with 4:42 remaining when Missouri began its final 80-yard drive. The Tigers surely could have used the rifle shots of Piskiewicz, the Big Eight's leading passer last season. But Zark the Shark was not even in uniform.

It was all up to Woods, who is considered a better runner than passer. "All I know is, I wasn't nervous," he would say later. Missouri got several extraordinary breaks. After the Tigers crossed into Ohio State territory with more than two minutes remaining, Woods was thrown for a 13-yard loss by End Bob Brudzinski. But the first of two crucial

continued

GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE, WOODS (LOWER
RIGHT) RACKED UP THE WINNING POINTS



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holding penalties against the Buckeyes gave Missouri the ball, first and eight, at the Ohio State 44 instead of second and 25 at its own 39. Three plays later Tailback Brown romped 31 yards to the nine. Then, on third and goal at the two, with 12 seconds left, Woods sent Leo Lewis into the far corner of the end zone. The quarterback led him perfectly, lofting the ball over the outstretched arms of the defender and into the hands of Lewis, who juggled it as he left the end zone. Touchdown.

Onofrio did not spend any time debating whether he should kick for the tie or attempt a two-point conversion for the victory. He had made up his mind while the Tigers were marching for the touchdown. But while Onofrio was thinking win, his players weren't. "When they sent in the play," recalled Joel Yearman, "I thought, 'Oh my God, we're going for it.' All of us in the huddle were nervous and shaking like it was the first play of the game."

To calm themselves the linemen coined their own mantra right there on the field. "Kopyay. Kopyay. Kopyay," they said over and over, referring to former Line Coach Tony Kopyay, who often sends them inspirational telegrams from his present outpost at Oregon State.

Unfortunately, "Kopyay" did not help Woods at all when he rolled to his right and overthrew Curt Brown. But just when Missouri thought it had lost, "Kopyay"—or something—inspired an official to call another holding penalty against Ohio State.

Let the record show that Woods was "quite relieved" at getting a second chance. And after the ball was marked in the middle of the field 1½ yards from the goal line, he made the most of it. Missouri had been running trap options all afternoon, but on this occasion it ran a sprint-out option, with Woods going left against Ohio State's weak side. End Kelson Danksler grabbed Woods low as he reached the goal line but the quarterback cut back inside left tackle and had just enough momentum to bolt over.

The play won the game for Missouri and praise from Hayes. "Their quarterback did a great job, truly great," Woody said. "He was very strong running, mixed his plays extremely well and threw two touchdown passes that were well-defensed."

Ohio State, added Woody, "deserved

to get beat. We scored three touchdowns in less than seven minutes and did nothing the rest of the game."

Woods was as kind in victory as Woody was in defeat. "Ohio State didn't play a bad game," he said. "We just played a better game on offense."

The victory had special meaning for Onofrio, because it was Missouri's first, after eight defeats (and one tie), against Ohio State and ended his personal coaching record at 30-30. "It was a tremendous win over a great team," he said. "It was the greatest game Missouri has ever played."

But Coach, what about those wins over Southern Cal, Alabama, Nebraska and Notre Dame? What about all those "upsets"? And, while we're at it, what about Illinois?

THE WEEK

by JOE MARSHALL

MIDWEST Illinois, which cut up Missouri last week, was cut down by Baylor 34-19. The Bears' Cleveland Franklin put on a one-man show, gaining 85 yards in 22 carries and tying his school's single-game scoring record with four touchdowns. Franklin, who broke Baylor's single-season rushing record last year with 1,112 yards, had missed this year's opener with a leg injury and was not at full strength two weeks ago against Auburn. Illinois held him to seven yards in the first period, but he ran for 40 and two touchdowns in the second quarter as Baylor took a commanding 17-7 halftime lead.

Miami set its defense to stop the deep draws of Colorado Tailback Tony Reed, who had gained 201 yards in the Buffaloes' first two games. The Hurricanes succeeded, but in the process left themselves open for two Jeff Austin bombs, which started Colorado on its way to a 33-3 win. In the first period Austin threw 55 yards to Split End Steve Gaurty. That set up a 47-yard Pete Dadoz to field goal. Dadoz was hit after the kick by Miami Defensive Back Willie Jenkins and underwent knee surgery on Sunday. "That guy hit him way late," said Austin. "It made us mad and helped fire us up." Early in the second period Austin threw 68 yards to Wingback Emory Moorehead, who gathered the ball in and ran on to score for an 81-yard touchdown play. Meanwhile, the Buffalo defense held Miami's O. J. Anderson to 41 yards rushing. "There's only one O. J. and he plays for the Buffalo Bills," said Colorado Middle Guard Charlie Johnson.

Oklahoma had trouble early on with Florida State, which had been embarrassed by Miami 47-0 the week before. In fact, the Seminoles, playing nearly flawless football, led the Sooners at the end of the first quarter, 6-3. But then Halfback Horace Ivory took pick-offs 37 and 23 yards for second-period touchdowns and the Sooners went on to win 24-9.

Nebraska trailed TCU 3-0 and 10-7 but sparked by Dave Butterfield's 87-yard punt return finally took command and rolled to a 64-10 win. Quarterback Vince Ferragamo tied a Cornhusker record with four touchdown passes.

Jimmy Carter's school, Navy, got clobbered by Gerald Ford's Michigan, 70-14. The Midshipmen led 14-12 late in the second quarter but the Wolverines rallied for 58 straight points. Michigan's 70 points were the most run up by the Wolverines since they beat Chicago 85-0 in 1939. Angry Middle Coach George Welsh said, "Bo Schenbeckler can do anything he wants. I wouldn't do it. I hate to see scores like that. You beat a team 21-14 that's enough."

Notre Dame routed Northwestern 48-0, Rick Slager getting an Irish passing record by completing 12 of 14 for 231 yards. His 85.7% completion mark topped the previous Irish standard of 81.3% set in 1949 by Bob Williams.

Miami of Ohio's stunning collapse continued. The Redskins lost their fourth straight, this time to archrival Cincinnati 17-0. It was the first shutout of a Miami team since 1971. Penalties were the Redskins' undoing. They accounted for 33 of the 39 yards in the Bearcats' second scoring drive.

Ricky Bell rushed for 177 yards and one touchdown as USC downed Purdue 31-13. The Trojans got two touchdowns from Moss Tatum on runs of one and 27 yards and Vince Evans passed for 148 yards.

Iowa State, which entered the game as the nation's highest-scoring team, easily defeated Kent State 47-7. The Cyclones rolled up 329 yards total offense in the first half while holding the Golden Flashbacks to two first downs.

Wisconsin's Mike Carroll passed for three touchdowns and ran for a fourth in leading the Badgers to a 35-26 win over Washington State. Minnesota defeated Western Michigan 21-10. Quarterback Art Yaroch ran for two touchdowns as Ball State downed Toledo 27-14. Wake Forest beat punchless Kansas State 13-0. San Diego State knocked off Bowling Green 27-15.

1. MICHIGAN (3-0)

2. OKLAHOMA (2-0) 3. NEBRASKA (2-0-1)

SOUTHWEST The University of Houston, a newcomer to Southwest Conference football, took the league lead with a 2-0 record by upsetting Texas A&M 21-10. "I know the kids

continued

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

have more enthusiasm for Southwest Conference games than they used to have as an independent," said Coach Bill Yeoman afterward. Certainly Houston fans are showing more spirit. A record crowd of 70,001 turned out at Rice Stadium to watch the Cougars attack the Aggies through the air. "Little as we are and big as they are, there was no way we were going to run over them," explained Yeoman. Sophomore Quarterback Danny Davis passed for three first-half touchdowns. Houston racked up 294 yards against the nation's No. 1 defense. For its part, the Cougar defense recovered an Aggie fumble, intercepted three passes and held George Woodard, the nation's 10th leading rusher with a 144-yards-a-game average, to 15 yards on nine carries. Yeoman thought his team's familiarity with the wishbone offense A&M uses helped greatly. The week before, Florida, which also uses the wishbone, had run up 615 yards and 49 points against Houston. "This time," said Yeoman, "our defense was definitely more knowledgeable since we had another week to practice against it."

In a battle of defense and kicking, Tulsa upset Arkansas 9-3. The Razorbacks' famed Steve Little made a 61-yard field goal, a Southwest Conference record, but he missed four other attempts. Tulsa's Steve Cox, an unheralded freshman kicker from Charleston, Ark., won the game by making all three of his field-goal attempts—from 39, 28 and 40 yards. The loss snapped Arkansas' eight-game winning streak. "Their defense played out of sight," said Razorback Coach Frank Broyles. "It hurts. All we needed was a touchdown. We had our chances and didn't cash in."

Before the season began, the Louisiana Tech-Arkansas State game shaped up as one of the crucial contests on the Southland Conference schedule. Tech had dominated the Southland from 1971 to 1974, and ASU had gone 11-0 in 1975. As it turned out, Louisiana Tech won easily, 27-13. The Bulldogs started their No. 2 quarterback, senior Randy Robertson, and he steered them to three straight touchdowns on drives of 82, 77 and 85 yards. Louisiana Tech outgained the Indians 470 to 200.

In a wild nonconference game, SMU outscored North Texas State 38-31. Arthur Whittington scored on runs of five, 11 and 68 yards for the Mustangs.

1. TEXAS (1-1)

2. TEXAS TECH (2-0) 3. HOUSTON (2-1)

SOUTH Many people have been saying that Auburn Quarter back Phil Gargis can't pass, but not his mother, Mrs. Lib Gargis of Ford City, Ala. "I've always known he could pass," she said. "I've seen him throw rocks at his brothers all his life." Last Saturday Gargis threw footballs at Tennessee. He completed 30 of his 13 passes for 224 yards and three touchdowns as Au-

burn won 38-28. Flanker Chris Vaccarella caught four of Gargis' passes for 141 yards and one touchdown. Nine touchdowns were scored in the game and every drive covered 73 yards or more. There was not a single turnover as the lead changed hands seven times. The win was Doug Bartfield's first as Auburn's head coach. "I don't want to go crazy just because we won a football game," he said, "but I feel like it." Tennessee Coach Bill Battle has now brought six teams to Birmingham, his hometown, and has yet to win.

For the first time this year Alabama scored in the first quarter. In fact, the Crimson Tide scored the first three times it had the ball. The game against Vanderbilt started at 4 p.m. At 4:15 it was 21-0. On the first play Quarterback Jack O'Rear called a surprise pass and had a receiver wide open behind the defense but missed him. Undaunted, he kept the ball himself on the next play and ran 52 yards for a touchdown. Coach Bear Bryant wasn't pleased with the Tide's four fumbles, eight penalties and "torn of missed tackles." He said if Alabama had been playing this week's opponent, Georgia, it would have lost.

Georgia was also ragged, but overcame a 12-7 halftime deficit to beat South Carolina 20-12. Same as Alabama, the Bulldogs fumbled four times, losing the ball each time. "I'd like to think that we can lose four fumbles against Alabama and still win," said Georgia Quarterback Ray Goff. "but I don't really think we could."

"I don't believe the best team won," said winning Coach Pat Dye after East Carolina edged William & Mary 20-19. "They [the Indians] were better prepared and more ready to play. But I'm also proud of our own boys, especially the way they fought back when we easily could have lost. I don't want to take anything away from them, but our team was listless, unemotional and just not ready to play after beating N.C. State last week." The winning points came on Pete Conaty's 36-yard field goal in the last four minutes.

Before a Superdome crowd of 20,235, including President Ford, Boston College doubled Tulane 27-3. "We felt the heat out there," said Eagle Coach Joe Yukica, "and having President Ford in the stands was part of the heat." The Eagles didn't look nervous rolling up 388 total yards, 315 of them on the ground, 144 of those by Glen Capriola in 37 carries. Tulane, now 0-3 under new Coach Larry Smith and 1-8 in the Superdome dating back to last fall, lost four fumbles and had two passes intercepted. The Green Wave has fumbled 14 times in its first three games. Running Back Willie Wilder, a 189-pounder who last winter beat Ivory Crockett in an indoor 60-yard dash, raced 91 yards for a touchdown to help Florida come from behind and beat Mississippi State 34-30.

Michigan State rallied four times to tie North Carolina State 31-31. Spartan Quarterback Ed Smith threw three touchdown

continued

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passes, including a 37-yarder to Kirk Gibson that evened the score at 31 with 2:53 left to play. Georgia Tech came from behind late in the fourth quarter to earn a 24-24 tie with Clemson.

Virginia, which has not scored a touchdown in its last 10 quarters of play, extended its losing streak to 12 games by dropping a 21-6 decision to Duke. Southern Mississippi played its first home game since 1973 in renovated Roberts Stadium, but the home-field advantage proved of no value. Mississippi beat the Golden Eagles 28-0.

Senior Tailback Terry Robiskie set an LSU record with 214 yards rushing and scored a touchdown as the Tigers defeated Rice 31-0. Kentucky beat West Virginia 14-10, and The Citadel came from behind to edge Furman 17-16.

1. MARYLAND (3-0)

2. MISSISSIPPI (3-1) 3. GEORGIA (3-0)

WEST With 23 seconds left to play, it appeared that Brigham Young and Arizona were headed for a 16-16 tie. Then Arizona punter Wid Knight, who had averaged 40 yards on six kicks, got off an 18-yarder that gave BYU the ball on the Wildcat 43-yard line. Coarse Coach Cavell Edwards inserted three wide receivers. His plan was to send Split End George Harris to the right flat, Flanker Jeff Nelson to the left flat and throw down the middle underneath the coverage to Split End John Vanderwoude in an attempt to get within field-goal range. But Harris, who had not caught a pass all year, noted that the Arizona linebackers had dropped back to cover the short pass, so he streaked to the end zone. Quarterback Gifford Nielsen lofted a 43-yard strike to Harris for the winning score with just three seconds remaining. "If we had planned it that way, it probably wouldn't have worked," said Edwards after the 23-16 win.

When Arizona State Coach Frank Kush cried wolf, it was passed over as humility or strategy. People may start to believe him now that the Sun Devils have lost their second game in two starts, to California 31-22. Cal pounded out 276 yards on the ground against a demoralized Arizona State defense. The brightest spot for the Sun Devils was the passing of Quarterback Dennis Spruill, who connected on 12 of his 23 throws for 232 yards and two TDs. Cal Quarterback Joe Roth, touted by some as a Heisman Trophy candidate, could only complete 10 of his 27 passes. He didn't throw for any TDs and was intercepted twice.

On the final play of the second quarter in the Stanford-San Jose State game, Spartan Running Back Walt Robinson slammed into right tackle for what appeared to be a touchdown. That's the way Duffy Daugherty called the play in the TV booth and the TV monitor seemed to confirm that as Robinson felt the ball landed an inch beyond the goal line.

The officials, however, ruled that Stanford Linebacker Gordy Ceresino had made the stop an inch short of the line, so the Cardinals went into the dressing room leading 16-9 instead of trailing 16-14. That difference proved crucial. San Jose rallied in the third quarter and built a 23-14 lead, but Stanford came back with an unexpected ground game in the fourth quarter for two touchdowns and a 28-23 win. Before the rushing attack gave the Cardinals the win, second-team Quarterback Guy Benjamin got himself a starting job by completing 25 of 41 passes for 277 yards and two touchdowns.

Tailback Wendell Tyler set a UCLA career rushing record when he gained 156 yards in the Bruins' 40-7 rout of Air Force. The 5'10", 190-pound Tyler now has rushed for 2,519 yards, 24 more than the old mark set by Kermit Johnson.

Texas Tech splits its quarterbacking between Tommy Dunnen and Rodney Allison. Against New Mexico each threw a touchdown pass. Dunnen's traveled nine yards to Brian Nelson, and Allison's 69 yards to Godfrey Turner. Those scores and two Brian Hall field goals were just enough as the Red Raiders edged the Lobos 20-16. New Mexico's chances for an upset were thwarted by two fourth-quarter interceptions of Noel Mazzone passes.

Indiana downed Washington 20-13, Oregon beat Utah 21-13 and Wyoming defeated Utah State 20-3.

1. UCLA (3-0)

2. USC (2-1) 3. SAN DIEGO STATE (3-0)

EAST Penn State failed on a two-point conversion try and missed a short field goal in losing 7-6 to Iowa. The Hawkeyes got their seven points on a first-quarter, two-yard touchdown run by Tom Rennie and a conversion by Nick Quarata. The Nittany Lions were unable to score until 9:01 remained in the game. Matt Suhey dived one yard for Penn State's touchdown but a two-point-try pass was incomplete, following an Iowa fumble at its 30. With 2:09 left, Nittany Lion Linebacker Ron Hostetler recovered a Rennie fumble at the Hawkeye 26-yard line. Penn State got down to the five but stalled and freshman Herb Menhardt's 25-yard field-goal attempt was wide. "If he made it, we would have kicked out," Coach Joe Paterno said. "The Hawkeyes deserved to win. They kicked our ears in."

Tony Doerret, hobbled by a leg bruise, still gained 112 rushing as Pittsburgh downed Temple 21-7. It was Doerret's 10th straight regular-season 100-yard game and left him 637 yards short of Archie Griffin's collegiate rushing record of 3,177 yards. The Owls, who lost to Pitt 55-6 last year, led at halftime 7-6. Their touchdown came on Safety Chuck Gill's 15-yard run with a blocked punt.

Rutgers won its 10th game in a row, beat-

ing Princeton 17-0. The Scarlet Knights share the longest major-college winning streak in the nation with Ball State of Indiana. In his first start, 5'9", 175-pound Rutgers sophomore Glen Krehler rushed for 131 yards, but the real difference in the game was the Scarlet Knights' defense, led by Nate Toran and John Alexander. It held Princeton's runners to 39 yards. Two years ago Rutgers and Princeton tied 6-6 when Rutgers fans stole down the goalposts in Princeton's Palmer Stadium late in the game, preventing the Tigers from kicking an extra point. This year they waited until the game ended, then trampled a small force of police in a mob rush on the goalposts. The posts at one end of the field fell in 9½ seconds, those at the other end in 11 seconds. The crowd wasn't totally uncivilized, however. When one disgusted Princeton fan lobbed an empty whiskey bottle onto

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DEFENSE: Iowa Linebacker Dean Moore made 11 solo tackles, including one for a quarterback sack and another for a crucial three-yard loss on third and goal late in the fourth quarter as the Hawkeyes beat Penn State 7-6.

OFFENSE: Sophomore Danny Davis completed 11 of 19 passes for 173 yards, three of them good for first-half touchdowns of 50, 32 and 18 yards as he quarterbacked the Houston Cougars to a 21-10 upset of Texas A&M.

the field during the course of the game, people all around him stood up and pointed at him until police arrived and removed him from the stadium.

Harvard's Jim Kubacki ran for two touchdowns, passed for a third and ran for a two-point conversion as the Crimson overcame a 13-3 deficit to beat Massachusetts 24-13. Dartmouth downed New Hampshire by the same score; Yale defeated Connecticut 21-10 and Brown edged Rhode Island 3-0. Ed Buckles returned two interceptions for touchdowns as Columbia beat Lafayette 38-31.

North Carolina remained undefeated but just barely, snapping Army 34-32 to improve its record to 4-0. The Tar Heels got 168 yards rushing and four three-yard touchdowns from senior Tailback Mike Vought but were almost undone by the passing of Army's Lennon Hall. Hall set Cadet records for pass attempts (55), completions (28), passing yardage (385) and total yardage (378). He threw for four touchdowns, which tied a Cadet record. For all that, two Hall interceptions led to North Carolina touchdowns and a third stopped an Army scoring drive on the Tar Heels' two-yard line as the first half ended.

1. PITTSBURGH (3-0)

2. B.C. (2-0) 3. PENN STATE (1-2)



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Enhancing Dancer's image

IN AND OUT OF THE SULKY, CANNY STANLEY SHOWED HIS CLASS AND PROVED THE BETTORS RIGHT BY DRIVING KEYSTONE ORE TO VICTORY IN THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

Rich people, it has been noted, are different from the rest of us; they have more money. Also, it works out that the rich do get richer and the poor get you know what.

What happened at the Little Brown Jug last week served, among other things, to remind us of these verities. The Jug is the most important event of the year for 3-year-old pacers, and by the time the dust had settled over Delaware, Ohio and the nearly 40,000 fans had stumbled off through the ground cover of empty beer cans and losing pari-mutuel tickets, it was clear that money, and class, do tell.

For the victor was Keystone Ore, who was valued last fall at roughly \$260,000 and who, if he maintains his winning ways, will be syndicated for around \$2 million in the hopes that he will father a lot of youngsters just like himself. No bargain-basement horse this. And Ore's

driver, trainer and part owner is, fittingly, that canny millionaire Stanley Dancer, who favors flashy cuff links, a diamond horseshoe tie clasp and the quickest route to the finish. Dancer—who has now won the Jug four times—and his wife each own 12½% of the colt.

So the Dancers got richer (by about \$20,000 for less than four minutes on the track), which keeps them different from us; and the poor folks who had the audacity not to bet on Dancer and Ore got you know what.

Indeed, Ore and Dancer deserve one another. This year, Ore has had 23 races, won 16 and finished second six times. In his other start, he came in seventh after an equipment strap broke. For being the class of his class, Ore has mined some \$366,000 since February, and there are several more rich races ahead this fall. For his part, Dancer has won about

\$900,000 in purses this year—his share just as driver is 10%. In a career that goes back to 1946, he has won more than \$18 million. If Ore and Dancer can make music together one more time at The Messenger on Oct. 30, Ore will win pacer's Triple Crown (the other jewels being the Jug and August's Cane Pace) and Dancer will have had his fourth Triple Crown winner.

Dancer gets lyrical when he talks of Ore, who won \$56,905 of the \$153,799 Jug purse. "He has the best all-round disposition of any horse I've ever had," he says. "Sometimes horses that are so nice don't have the guts to be great, but he does." Ah, yes, the perfect true fairy tale—wealthy man his splendid, well-behaved horse; both are gentlemen and both work hard and together they make it to the top. Or maybe not.

There is a body of thought that Ore may not be the best 3-year-old pacer in the land. The other contender is Oil Burner, who as recently as a few months ago was thought not to have even enough speed to get out of his own way.

At which point last June, Oil Burner's owners, after buying him for \$27,000 in 1974, unloaded him for \$47,500. These are not fancy dollars for a Grand Circuit horse, and the owners wiped their brows in relief at getting rid of their turkey. And then Burner didn't get good, he got terrific. Since June he has won \$291,707, and beaten some of the classiest 3-year-olds around, though he has never faced Ore. A not impartial source, Burner's driver Ben Webster says of his colt, "He's by far the best this year. It's one of those freak things." Who was the main discerning owner who dumped Burner? Stanley Dancer, of course. Or more precisely, his wife Rachel and her partner, Mrs. Hilda Silverstein of New Hope, Pa. But Stanley does their bidding. Says Rachel: "We're not unhappy. I made some money, the new people made some money and I wish them luck."

Because Oil Burner was not distinguishing himself (he earned only \$4,700 in 1975), Dancer did not keep up the payments to make him eligible for the Cane, the Jug and The Messenger. But he and Ore may yet meet, perhaps in a race at Freehold, N.J., Oct. 16, or perhaps in California the next month.

Whatever, the aristocratic Keystone Ore proved himself at the Jug against tough enough company—most notably

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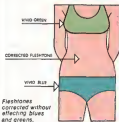
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HARNESS RACING continued

Armbro Ranger, who was voted best 2-year-old pacer in 1975 and who had whipped Ore in the prestigious Adios in August (and before that had been beaten by Oil Burner). As things go these days, Ranger was a cheapie. Veteran trainer and driver Joe O'Brien picked him up for \$20,000. In 1975 Ranger turned heads by winning more than \$100,000 and 14 of 21 starts.

Come last spring, hopes were high for him—until a freakish accident in his first outing seemed certain to have blighted his big year. Ranger not only survived, but went on to win more than \$154,000 this season.

Ranger and O'Brien, like Ore and Duncer, deserve each other. Ranger is rugged; so is O'Brien. Joe, the master of short answers to all questions, broke his pelvis in an August spill but kept on driving. Still hurting, Joe? "No." Ranger in good shape? "Yes." Thanks, Joe.

So while Ore and Ranger—and the shadow of Oil Burner—dominated the Jug, the remaining entries were mostly regarded as "others."

Prominent among them was the colt that clearly had the best name, anyway—Windshield Wiper. His trainer and driver, Billy Houghton, confessed that "sometimes Wiper won't give it his all. But there's a theory that 60% of all horses don't want to win. He always has a chance." Houghton had another cheery thought: "Wiper is a superior mudder." Race day dawned dry.

Still, every time Houghton sits down behind a horse, bettors perk up. Especially at the Jug, which he has won five times, more than any other driver. He also has won the most money at the event, more than \$250,000. Houghton won The Hambletonian a few weeks ago with Steve Lobell, and while a popular bumper sticker in harness racing reads I'M HOT TO TROT, there was a feeling that Windshield Wiper and Billy might have momentum and be hot to pace.

Because every race needs a long shot, the experts concluded it was Precious Fella. Said Del Cameron, Fella's owner-trainer-driver and twice a Jug winner himself, "He can't beat the kind of horses that are in this race all the time. But once in a while he can." He did so against Ore this year. Once. And with winnings of \$128,294 for the season against sometimes fancy company, Precious looked like a distant maybe.

The 16-horse field was divided into

continued

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- 2.** Establish commissions in all states which would require hospitals to justify their rates and charges.
- 3.** Eliminate duplicate laboratory testing in hospitals, and place greater emphasis on pre-hospital admission testing.
- 4.** Provide more outpatient care, where that's a medically acceptable alternative to expensive confinement in a hospital.
- 5.** Adopt health insurance benefit plans which provide incentives for outpatient and preventive care, stress the importance of patient education, and stimulate more cost consciousness on the part of patients and physicians.
- 6.** Expand the scope of Professional Standards Review Organizations, which by law presently monitor necessity for treatment

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7. Foster competition in the health field to help the development of better systems for the delivery of care.

8. Support efforts to achieve a more equal distribution of physicians by specialty and geographic area, especially those who provide basic care.

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For the full text of the statement by the health insurance companies of America before the Council on Wage and Price Stability, write to the Health Insurance Institute, 277 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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two heats with the four best in each division meeting in a third race. If the third heat was won by either of the winners of the first two heats, he would be the Jug winner. If that didn't happen, the three winners of the three heats would meet for the title in a fourth race.

Shortly before 4 p.m. on Jug Day, everything was as it should be. The men had on their hats that said "John Deere," the women were waiting in long lines at the restrooms and the kids were perched atop the Winnebigos.

The first heat was supposed to be Ambror Ranger's. He left from the third post position and by the one-quarter mark was fourth. Hennes. The leader, pacing better than he had any right to, was Precious Fella. By the head of the stretch things were sorting out, with Ranger second by inches. Ranger got to the wire first by a head in 1:56½. Precious Fella was second, but Cameron was afraid that he might have used him up. Third was a nobody named Warm Breeze; fourth was Mandate.

The second heat was supposed to be Keystone Ore's and Ore's problems started with his No. 8 post position, worst in the field. Dancer had said that he would hurry to the front, but it turned out he only could get up to fifth in the early going—and it was then that Stanley made the winning decision. He simply tucked his colt in along the rail and raced patiently. This, rather than using Ore up to get past a bunch of shaky horses which at the time were looking like giant killers—including one named Shadow Don Time who would have won had the race been only half a mile. In the second half mile, Shadow and his friends flopped and some of them may not have made it to the finish yet.

At the top of the stretch Ore was second to Windshield Wiper. Wiper had been back and forth between second and first, but now needed a good streak to withstand Ore. No go, it was Ore, not quite his usual brilliant self, by a neck in 1:57, then Wiper, surprising Raven Hanover and Cavalcade.

In the most crucial action of the day, the judges drew to see whether Ranger or Ore would get the No. 1 post in the third heat. Ranger had won the draw in the Adios and that had made the difference; this time Ore was in luck. By post time Ore and Ranger were the huge favorites. Anyone betting on any other

horse was demonstrating that money didn't matter to him.

Near the three-quarter pole, Ore was first, Ranger second. But Ranger fizzled. O'Brien later was to complain he couldn't get around Dancer and Cameron poked outside him, but that was only true in theory. The fact was Ranger, who had faltered momentarily in the first heat, but ran out of cuts. And when Ranger sagged, it messed up Haughton and Windshield Wiper, directly behind him and looking to be in good shape to make a pass in the stretch at both Ore and Ranger. "Just before that happened," said Haughton, "I was driving along counting my money. I was having the best trip of my life."

Nobody could get Ore, who was nearly two lengths ahead at the end in 1:57½. Precious Fella, clearly not used up, was second, and Warm Breeze, that nobody who had never before raced on a half-mile track and who didn't race at all as a 2-year-old because of vertebrae trouble, was third. Wiper was fourth, Ranger fifth.

No one, save a few happy beer-drinking dreamers slurping Strohn's in the back of their Chevy pickups, thought any colt but Ore should have won. Runner-up Cameron was happy. "It's no disgrace to be second," he said. Precious Fella got a bit more than \$23,000. And Warm Breeze's driver, Dick Farrington, was so ecstatic he said he wouldn't sell his colt for \$1 million (which is easy to say when nobody is offering). Haughton was his usual old what-the-hell-it's-all-part-of-this-great-sport self. And O'Brien, for O'Brien, was downright effusive, "I just got beat," he said.

Dancer seemed to find no fault with his day's work. And for a man who has survived, among other things, a plane crash and a heart attack, the Jug was relatively uneventful. But although the rich indeed got richer, it seemed somehow just that things were also being evened up for Dancer. In The Hambletonian Stanley had Nevele Thunder, a shining trotter who was thought to be a strong candidate to win. First Thunder got an outside post position in a bulky field, then he broke his leg in the second heat.

Money does get smooth life's rough spots. But it's so much nicer if there's a bit of class to go with it. On the eve of the Jug, Dancer quietly passed by his stable area, pressed a \$100 bill into the hand of an employee, and told him to take all half dozen grooms out for a steak dinner. Hello, class.

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It's time someone blew Gabriel's horn

You can find him at every major international championship—a short, cherubic-looking man in his early 30s, circling the lobby of the hotel where the tournament is taking place. He has a story to tell, a hand that came up the night before, one on which he failed to take the right line. Modest man, especially for a bridge player.

If a vote were taken to determine the most popular international bridge star, Gabriel Chagas would probably win. Chagas has been the leading member—indeed, at times it seems as if he has been the only member—of the Brazilian bridge team which, while proficient enough to beat the other South American nations, has not until recently been much of a force on the international scene.

Chagas, who is in the import-export business and has a master's degree in actuarial math, is well liked because of his cheery personality, his sense of humor, his lack of pretense, his ability at a bridge table and, possibly, because he has never been a serious threat to win, owing to the lack of other outstanding Brazilian players.

But at the 1976 Olympiad, held last May in Monte Carlo, Brazil suddenly became a tiger. A week earlier it had nearly displaced Italy in the final of the Bermuda Bowl—won by the U.S.—and in the Olympiad, a 45-nation event, the Brazilians had battled their way up from 10th to fifth

at the halfway point and, with two sessions remaining, moved into third. The Victory Point score was Italy, 625; Great Britain, 615; Brazil, 614. With 40 points still to be contested, 20 in each session, Brazil's chances to win seemed better than they actually were. Italy appeared certain to beat the Dutch Antilles, destined to finish 40th, 20-0, and its final match was with Greece, a middling team. Brazil's next opponent was Indonesia, with the feared Manoppo brothers, and then Canada, both fighting for a spot in the top 10.

No wonder then that the Brazilians were downhearted when they went to dinner the night before their match with Indonesia. As team leader, Chagas had a job to do. "All the contenders are nervous," he told his teammates. "I promise you if we score our 40 points tomorrow we'll be Olympiad champions." (As he afterward confessed, "All the players were convinced. Except myself.")

Italy blitzed the Dutch Antilles as expected, but Brazil beat Indonesia to overtake Great Britain. In the last round Brazil blitzed Canada—and Greece upset Italy 17-3. Chagas proved a true prophet. Brazil won the title by six Victory Points.

How good a player is Chagas? Judge for yourself from this hand that earned him a citation for the most brilliant play of the 720 deals of the Olympiad. Chagas was West, trying to defeat Turkey's one no-trump contract, obviously an impossible task. All South needed was to get to his hand once and take a winning diamond finesse. But South never got the lead.

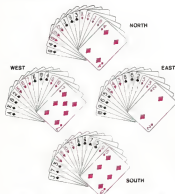
On the opening lead of the king of spades, East played the 10, denying the jack but indicating his length in the suit. So, as part of his plan to keep the lead in dummy, Chagas next led a low spade.

Dummy's queen won, and the jack of clubs was led. Chagas dropped the 10! This gave declarer the idea that he might win four tricks in clubs and avoid risking the diamond finesse. He continued with dummy's 9 of clubs, and again Chagas ducked. But when the third club was led and South played the queen, Gabriel produced the king.

Chagas cashed the ace of spades and put East on lead with the 9. Dummy had to make two discards, and declarer selected a heart and a diamond. East cashed the ace of hearts and, although declarer could sense the handwriting on the wall, he had to keep the queen in dummy or the next heart lead would give West two tricks in the suit. So, when East led a second heart, Chagas completed his campaign to keep dummy on lead by playing low. North had to lead diamonds and surrender a trick to the queen. The king of hearts produced the setting trick.

Only a one no-trump contract. And only against Turkey. But in the Olympiad, every match counts the same, and in 16 deals every one is vital. Of course, you never would have heard about this hand from Chagas. **END**

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	PASS	1 NT	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: spade K



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Chances are better than excellent that no matter how devoted a student of thoroughbred racing you are, you cannot recall the winner of the 1975 Suffolk County Handicap. A name like the Suffolk County Handicap has a fine old ring. It conjures up Carrier and Ives prints, and one can imagine clubmen in oak-paneled rooms debating over brandy and cigars whether the Whitneys or Vanderbilts have won more Suffolk Countys. Sadly, the only Suffolk County ever contested occurred last Oct. 5 and, since no one banged pots and pans for its continuation, the race has not been renewed. That's a shame because a horse named Proud Delta won the Suffolk County and she has done the race's name, well, proud. From that day her reputation has grown. Slowly. Very, very slowly. But that is the way with fillies and mares, for rarely do they attract national notice. Ruffian was a shining exception.

Last Saturday Proud Delta appeared between motorcycles and Muhammad Ali on CBS-TV and thrust her head into the sun by winning the \$108,200 Beldame at Belmont Park by three convincing lengths over the best field of fillies and mares to contest a Beldame in a decade. When it comes to determining championships for female racers the Beldame is usually a solid indicator. Since 1960 Beldame winners have been named the champion 3-year-old or handicap mare 11 times. In any season it is a grand race to win, and again this year the event was significant.

Just before the race Jorge Velasquez, the 29-year-old rider of the 4-year-old Proud Delta, walked into the paddock with a stern, forbidding look. Normally Velasquez smiles and goes about things calmly, but before the Beldame he was slapping his whip hard against his white riding breeches, a portrait in concentration. In the race were a couple of vaunted 3-year-olds, the undefeated (7 for 7) Revildere and Optimistic Gal, the winner of nine stakes and more than \$600,000. The Beldame was being touted as a duel between the two. "It's no match race," Velasquez had said two days before. "It's no damned match race. I can win it."

Since late August, Velasquez has been in excellent form, with 42 wins in 32 days. Although Angel Cordero, Eddie

Youth will have its day

...BUT NOT LAST SATURDAY AS A PAIR OF FLEET AND FANCY 3-YEAR-OLD CHAMPIONS WERE WELL THRASHED IN THE BELDAME BY A GOOD OLD GIRL NAMED PROUD DELTA

Maple and Ron Turcotte get far more publicity than Velasquez. Jorge is the leading New York rider, and that state's racing year is a true test. Its major league season is now the longest anywhere, beginning as it does on Jan. 2 and continuing like a berserk carousel through Dec. 31. Over the last five years Velasquez has ridden more winners in New York than any other jockey.

Bad trainers gave Velasquez instructions. Good trainers give him virtually none. Peter Howe, the handsome 37-year-old in charge of Proud Delta, sensed that Velasquez was in an angry mood before the Beldame, and all Howe did was remind the jockey of the fact that Proud Delta had the outside position in the field of eight and that the last time

she had drawn an outside post position she had broken crooked and toward the inside. "I remember, Mr. Howe," said Velasquez.

There were reasons, of course, why Revildere and Optimistic Gal were strong betting choices over Proud Delta. Revildere is a dead-game filly who can be passed in the stretch, then fight her way back to regain every inch she has lost. In the Coaching Club American Oaks in June, Optimistic Gal had her headed near the finish but Revildere dug in and won by half a length. She has raced only once outside New York.

Optimistic Gal, on the other hand, is a little like Laura, the face you see on the train that is passing through. Basically a front-runner, she has won stakes

continued



THIS WAS AS CLOSE AS OPTIMISTIC GAL (8) AND REVILDERE (4) WOULD COME TO VICTORY



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at Saratoga, Belmont, Laurel, Keeneland, Churchill Downs and Delaware Park. She, too, is durable and has been managed well by her owner, Diana Firestone, and trained well by LeRoy Jolley. The rangy brown filly had been out of the money only once in 18 starts and in that race, the Test at Saratoga, she was giving away weight.

Proud Delta was the third favorite in the Beldame, having won five stakes in the first five months of 1976. But in her three races since her last victory on May 29, she appeared to be lackluster. No one recalled the Suffolk County Handicap of 1975, and understandably so. It was run on a Sunday in the midst of a flurry of racing activity—Forego was winning the Woodward Stakes, Honest Pleasure the Cowdin and Optimistic Gal was galloping off with the Frizette. If that wasn't enough to divert attention from Proud Delta's win, Emperor Hirohito turned up as a Jets game and the baseball playoffs were in progress.

The Suffolk County was Proud Delta's first stakes win and her last victory in the colors of Mrs. Ada L. Rice's Danada Farms. After Dan Rice died early in 1975 his wife decided to sell most of the stable's holdings. Her 145 horses were auctioned off for \$3.25 million, Proud Delta contributing a quarter of a million dollars of that, largely on the strength of her Suffolk County triumph. The daughter of Delta Judge-Loving Sister was bought by Mrs. Marion duPont Scott for breeding purposes, but Mrs. Scott also had hopes that Proud Delta might be able to "win herself out" by earning \$250,000 in purses before retiring.

Victory in the Beldame did that, bringing Proud Delta's earnings to \$258,213, and thus Mrs. Scott's gamble has paid off. The lady knows horses and is an excellent judge of potential. In 1903 she was the first female ever to ride astride a horse in the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden and in 1915 she became the first woman astride to win a blue ribbon. For generations she has been one of the main supporters of steeplechase racing. In the 1930s she bought two jumpers from owner Walter Salmon and took her first big gamble. One of the horses was Annapolis, the other Battleship. Annapolis became her first stakes winner and an outstanding steeplechase sire.

She sent Battleship to England and in

1937 hoped to start him in the Grand National at Aintree. However, her trainer, Reginald Hobbs, declared the horse out of the race. "He said the horse didn't have enough experience over the high jumps, that they wanted him to carry too much weight," Mrs. Scott says. "He gave me 100 excuses. But the next year I refused to be put off. I insisted that Battleship run, and he won."

Battleship, one of the few good sons of Man o' War, was a tiny horse and his victory was the first by an American owner and horse in the Grand National. In recent years Mrs. Scott has floated the \$100,000 Colonial Cup Steeplechase in Camden, S.C. with her own money, and eight times she has owned or bred the jumper of the year in the U.S. Among those horses were Rouge Dragon, Shipboard, Benguala, Soothsayer and the remarkable three-time champion Negi, who sailed over fences like a swallow even though he was forced to carry weights up to 176 pounds.

Mrs. Scott is a slight, shy, eccentric woman who was once married to actor Randolph Scott and for decades has lived in James Madison's home, Montpelier, in Orange, Va.

While her success has come mostly in steeplechasing, she has had some fine flat runners, like Mongo, Saratoga and Parika. Mongo won more than \$800,000 but was unlucky enough to be running at the same time as Kelso.

Proud Delta could be Mrs. Scott's first champion dirt horse. The next few weeks will tell. The filly received a superior ride from Velasquez in the Beldame and she will need that assistance again. Velasquez moved her even farther out from the outside post position at the break to ensure that he would hinder neither his own mount's progress nor that of the horses on his left. He set a slow early pace and reserved Proud Delta until the top of the stretch. He was a target for the others to shoot at. Turning for home he let Proud Delta roll and she took off again. Revidere fought bitterly in the stretch to finish second, with Baisnora 2nd finishing third, a head in front of Optimistic Gal.

Before Proud Delta can be considered the champion, however, she must prove herself once more in the \$125,000 Ruffian on Oct. 9 at Belmont at 1 1/4 miles. "Proud Delta will be there," Trainer Howe said after the Beldame. Heck, she always is.

END

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The morning lobby at the Hyatt Regency in Houston



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Not an eyebrow was lifted earlier this month when Cincinnati scored eight runs in the third inning of a game against Houston. After all, the Reds are the Reds and the Astros the Astros. But the very next night a dramatic—and symbolic—reversal took place. This time Houston smote Cincinnati with an eight-run inning of its own. The message was clear, the Reds may still be the Reds, but these are definitely not the same old Astros.

At least not the Astros who finished sixth in the National League's Western Division last season, 43½ games out of first place. Rebounding from its 64-97 record, the worst in its modest history, Houston has suddenly become respectable and, on occasion, downright fearsome. A 77-79 record with one week of the season remaining has lifted the Astros to third place and, for noncontenter watchers, made them the most improved team in either league. The Yankees and Phillies, who are on top in their divisions, and the lowly—but quietly maturing—Tigers are the only clubs that come close to matching the Astros' 14-game improvement over last season.

"If we win 80 games, it'll be a helluva year," says Houston Manager Bill Virdon. By any measure it has been a good one. Improved hitting and pitching have made the losing streaks shorter, the winning streaks longer and the crowds larger. Even the Astros' finances—the team had been in receivership for the last four years—are improved. Last week the bankrupt empire of Astro founder Roy Hofheinz was finally sold for a large but undisclosed sum.

A year ago Houston was not worth two cents. That was before Yankee ingenuity turned things around. It was provided by General Manager Tai Smith, who came over from the New York Yankees Aug. 7, 1975, and former Yankee Manager Virdon, who was hired 12 days later.

Smith knew the problems awaiting him under the Astrodome all too well, because he had spent 13 years in Houston before going to New York. "There were two things I had to do right away," Smith says. "First, I wanted to be candid with the players in order to create a more positive environment. I also wanted to restore credibility with the fans. They have been told for years that they would have a pennant winner here, and they never got one. That made them disillusioned, disappointed and turned off."

Virdon also gave an indication of the better times ahead by winning half of the 34 late-season games in which he was the manager. "It didn't take me long to figure out that this team had more talent than its record showed," Virdon says. "When I saw the players really wanted to win, it made me feel optimistic."

The Astros also made some major changes before this season began. Previous administrations had tried to do the same, but always seemed to shed the wrong people: budding stars Joe Morgan, Rusty Staub, Mike Cuellar, John Mayberry, etc., etc., etc. This time the castoffs included old hands Doug Rader, Milt May and Tommy Helms. That opened the way for promising players like Third Baseman Eros Cabell to become regulars and for young pitchers like 23-year-old Joaquin Andujar to move into the rotation. The tall, skinny Cabell is hitting .275, and Andujar has already beaten Cincinnati three times.

But it was veteran Reliever Ken Forsch who got the team off on the right track. After the Astros began the season with three straight losses, they won their next six as Forsch picked up five saves. "That was the big lift we needed," Virdon says. "It got people thinking positive right away. If a team is confident, talent and ability will show."

In a division dominated by Cincinnati and Los Angeles, third place is all a rebuilding team can reasonably hope for. Houston has been there since Aug. 28, thanks to a seven-game winning streak in which Astro pitchers turned in six complete games. Larry Dierker and 6' 8" strikeout artist J. R. Richard had two of them; the other victories were scattered among members of the team's youth corps. Bo McLaughlin, 22, five-hit St. Louis and shut out Philadelphia; Joe Sambjto, 24, blanked the Cardinals; and Dan Larson, 22, who is already only two vowels from immortality, five-hit the Phillies. Together with Andujar and the 26-year-old Richard, who has matured into an 18-game winner this season, they could be the league's staff of the future.

"Bringing those kids up was not an impulsive, desperation move," says Smith. "I know you can't force-feed people. We even went so far as to discuss with our development people how the kids would respond emotionally to big-league pressure. So far, we've been very pleased."

A season of Astronomical improvement

NEW BLOOD. OLD BASICS HAVE GIVEN HOUSTON 14 MORE WINS THAN IN '75

Solid pitching was really the only thing Houston needed to become competitive. Cabell, First Baseman Bob Watson, Shortstop Roger Metzger and Outfielders Cesar Cedeno, Greg Gross and Jose Cruz could play on anybody's club. It was the pitching and Virdon's demand for zero-defect baseball that brought everything neatly together.

In order to rectify last season's 16-42 record in one-run games, Virdon stressed fundamentals in spring training. "Taught us how to play baseball," is how Cabell

continued



VIRDON'S CLUB NOW WINS THE CLOSE ONES

puts it. Once the season began, Coach Bob Lillis assessed \$2 fines for the little blunders that result in losses: missed signs, failure to hit behind the runner, overthrow cutoff men. In 1975 that system would have produced a sum approximating the national debt. But this season the Astros have played eyes-open, tight-fisted ball. Their record in one-run games is an outstanding 33-24, and Lillis has collected only \$636 in fines.

Until the turnaround, Watson, Houston's leading hitter (.314, 99 RBIs and 16 home runs), was all set to puke off to another team. "This used to be a selfish club," he says. "Now everybody tries to contribute. I'd like to finish my career here. If we ever do win anything, I want to be around when it happens."

Watson has already been around long enough to play with his teammates in the World Series. Even if this series was played in a television movie, filmed in July for showing during the real World Series next month, it is another symbol of just how far the Astros have come. And where they might be going.

THE WEEK

(Sept. 19-25)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST "What do we do now?" wondered Philadelphia Manager Danny Ozark after beginning the week with a 1-0 loss to Ray Burns of Chicago. What his Phillies did from there on was to win five of six. They swept three games from St. Louis, thanks largely to a flock of one-time Cardinals. Ex-Card Dick Allen hammered out two doubles and a homer as the Phillies took the opener 5-1. A pinch single by Bobby Tolan, also a former Cardinal, touched off an eight-run eighth the next day and led to a 9-4 verdict. And then Steve Carlton boosted his record against his old teammates to 14-4 by gaining his 19th victory, 7-3, with the aid of a homer by Tim Lincecum, yet another ex-St. Louisan. Mike Schmidt socked his 37th homer in Saturday's 6-5 win over the Expos. And on Sunday the Phillies locked up first place as Jim Lonborg beat Montreal 6-1.

Pittsburgh (13-6) agonized while playing six straight one-run games, four of them losses. First the Pirates blew a 6-2 lead to the Mets (5-1) and lost 7-6 as Dave Kingman bopped his 36th and 37th homers and Skip Lockwood gained his 17th save. A day later, the Bucs lost 5-4 when Met newcomer Lee Mazzilli

hit a two-run, two-out homer in the ninth. In Chicago (13-4), the Pirates lost 2-1 in 13 innings when Manny Trillo singled, and 4-3 when Joe Wallis singled in the ninth.

When not being haunted by former teammates, the Cardinals won three of five. They overcame the Expos 9-7 with a two-run ninth, and trounced the Pirates 10-6 and 3-0, taking the second game when Lynn McGlothen outdudded former Cardinal Jerry Reuss.

Woodie Fryman of Montreal (13-4) beat St. Louis 1-0. Dan Warthen zapped New York 4-0 and Don Stanhouse downed Philly 3-2.

PHIL 34-60 PITT 56-68 NY 52-71
CH 71-85 ST. L 70-85 MONT 52-100

NL WEST Add this one to the legend of Pete Rose. Blatting against San Francisco right-hander John Montefusco, the switch-hitting Rose had doubled his first two times up, the second coming on a misplayed pop fly to left field. When Rose stepped into the box for his next at bat, Giant Catcher Gary Alexander said, "That last one was a gift." To which Rose replied, "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to hit a double to right field this time." Alexander didn't buy it, saying, "You can't pull The Count." Moments later Rose had his third hit—as promised, a double to right—as Cincinnati went on to win 5-2. By week's end Rose had 40 doubles, the most in the league. If he stays on top, he will lead the league in this category for the third straight year. There was, indeed, a spate of statistical accomplishments as the Reds (14-1) clinched their fifth title in seven years. Reliever Rawly Eastwick, who has a 1.34 ERA, 16 saves and a 5-2 record in his last 47 innings spanning 32 games, notched his 25th save. When Don Gullett won his 10th game, the Reds became the first club in the league ever to have seven pitchers with 10 or more victories in a single season. Tony Perez' 18th homer was the first in 10 games by the Reds, the major league leaders in that category. But Manager Sparky Anderson was intrigued by yet another statistic: "It's been 54 years since a National League team has won consecutive world championships," he said. "That's our goal."

"Finally. Finally. Finally." That was Don Sutton's reaction after becoming a 20-game winner for the first time in his 11 years with Los Angeles (15-1).

Randy Jones of San Diego (1-5), who had lost 10 of his past 13 decisions, held off Atlanta 6-4 for his 22nd win. A couple of other fine pitchers on dreary teams also improved their records by defeating Houston (4-2). Jim Barr of the Giants (1-5), backed up by Gary Matthews' three homers, shut out the Astros 10-0 for his 15th win. And Phil Niekro of Atlanta (12-3) earned his 16th triumph, 6-2.

CIN 99-56 LA 86-67 HOU 77-79
SF 71-86 SD 80-86 ATL 68-85

AL WEST Although Kansas City (13-3) could not prove anything, it did cling to a five-game lead over Oakland (14-3). After Amos Otis had been hit in the head with a pitch and Hal McKee had been dusted off—both in the first inning of the opener of a three-game series against the A's in Kansas City—the Royals were convinced that the A's Stan Bahnsen was throwing beanballs. They could not prove it, just as they could not prove later in the game that the A's were stealing their catcher's signals: a pair of binoculars was found in Oakland's outfield bullpen. Still, the Royals came away with a measure of satisfaction, taking that contest 3-1 to widen their lead to seven games. With Vida Blue tossing a six-hitter and supported by three homers, Oakland came back to win the next night 11-1. Then, as the A's stole six bases and Mike Torrez pitched a five-hitter, Oakland won 8-1 to reduce the Royals' lead to five games. The next day Kansas City beat the Rangers 2-1, McKee driving in the winning run in the 14th inning and Larry Guevara hurling five innings of shutout relief. Coupled with Oakland's 4-2 loss to Chicago, that pushed K.C. six games up. On Saturday, it was the A's turn to gain ground; they trounced the White Sox 7-4 while the Royals lost 1-0 to Bert Blyleven of the Rangers (14-4). For Blyleven it was his sixth shutout and the sixth 1-0 game he has been involved in this season, three of which he has won.

Shutouts were also recorded by rookie Pete Redfern (3-0 over Chicago on three hits) and Dave Goltz (6-0 over California on two hits) of Minnesota (15-0). After the Minnesota Vikings installed extra seats in left field at Metropolitan Stadium, the Twins got permission from the AL to move the fence in. Dan Ford took advantage of the altered architecture by poking his 20th homer into the new porch in Goltz' victory.

Frank Tanana and Nolan Ryan of California (2-4) came through with three-hit wins over Texas. Ryan also picked up his 300th win since to become the first pitcher ever to do so in four seasons. Those who had been tied with Ryan were Tim Lincecum in the 1880s, Amos Rusie in the 1890s and Sandy Koufax in the 1960s.

Wilbur Wood of Chicago (1-5), who was shelved for the season after his left kneecap was shattered on May 9, resumed the leg while running near his horse and underwent surgery.

KC 89-66 OAK 84-71 MIN 81-75
CAL 71-85 TEX 71-85 CH 64-92

AL EAST "I don't expect it to happen, but if it does, [Owner George] Steinbrenner will have us working as Mongolians," said Outfielder Lou Piniella of New York (13-6). "It ain't so funny," added Manager Billy Martin between laughs. This was the Yankees' way of trying to forget

a losing streak that grew to six games after Catfish Hunter chalked up his 200th win by beating the Brewers 2-1. Catcher Thurman Munson helped save Hunter's victory by picking a runner off third who would have scored on a subsequent fly ball. In the midst of that slump were four losses to Baltimore (5-2), including an 11-8 extra-inning game in which the Yankees once held a 7-0 lead. Baltimore climbed to within 6½ games of first when Wayne Garland followed the sweep of the league-leaders with a 3-0 conquest of Boston for his 19th win. The Yankees stopped worrying about forced labor in Mongolia when Grant Jackson straddled the Tigers 8-0 as Graig Nettles slugged his league-leading 30th homer, to enable New York to sew up first place. The reappearance in the starting lineup of injured MVP candidate Mickey Rivers seemed to have a salubrious effect on the Yankees. In the games Rivers has started, the Yanks are 84-48; in the games he hasn't, they are 10-13.

Third-place Cleveland (5-1) battled to keep Boston (6-1) at bay. The Indians got two wins from Pat Dobson (16-12) and shutouts from Jim Bibby and Dennis Eckensley. A dozen home runs were hit by the Red Sox, three by Jim Rice, who batted .485 during the week. While his team was rising to the occasion, Manager Don Zimmer was taking prefalla. Zimmer, under heavy medication because of muscle spasms, decided to protest an umpire's call, but tripped over the dugout steps, fell,

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LUIS TIANI: Boston's Man of a Million Moves allowed just five hits and struck out 19 while defeating Milwaukee 7-1 and Baltimore 1-0 to become a 20-game winner for the fourth time and up his record to 21-11.

got up, continued out on the field, only to stumble on first base and flop on his face.

Manager Ralph Houk fared better, even if Detroit (2-5) was floundering. He can manage the Tigers for virtually as long as he wants under terms of his unique new contract, which also contains bonus clauses based on attendance and team performance. Dave Roberts blanked New York, and Mark Fidrych stopped Cleveland 5-3. Although only 8-7 since the All-Star break, The Bird remains a compelling attraction. So much so that he got a request (he complied with it) for a few of his frizzy locks, which Tiger wives planned to auction off for charity.

After losing 24 of 32 games, Milwaukee (2-6) Manager Alex Giammusso said, "I'll say this. I know I like managing. If I can like this, I've got to like managing."

NY 94-61 BAL 86-69 CLEV 79-74
BOS 78-78 DET 59-85 MIL 65-90



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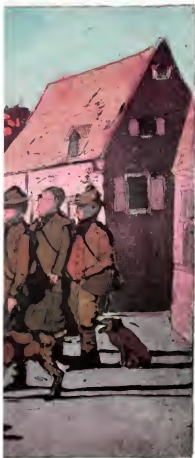
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IN THE BLACK FOREST



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

Hunting is not usually considered a spectator sport, but the author was privileged to accompany a party of German hunters and was deeply moved by the reenactment of a fall ritual dating back to Charlemagne

by GEORGE V. PACKARD



At the start of the hunt, August Rühle delivers a formal address in the town square of Gottenheim. He was in charge of everything the hunters, the horn players and the partridge, pheasant, deer and "Mammeltrenn."

CONTINUED

was in the Federal Republic of Germany to watch a hunt. A friend had put me in touch with August Riehle, one of the top hunters in the Black Forest, and I had called him from Paris. It is not easy for a foreigner to see a hunt in Germany, and it is nearly impossible for him to hunt himself, but now I was supposed to meet Riehle early in the morning at the railroad station in Gottenheim, a little town outside of Freiburg at the bottom of the country. I forgot to ask him what he meant by early and I tried to call back, but all the French telephone system could get me was Milan, so I went to the Gare de l'Est and took a train to Strasbourg, bought a Michelin map, rented a car and drove down into Germany, which has the best road signs in the world. I rolled into Gottenheim in the middle of the night, found the railroad station and parked, curled up under my big black-and-red L. L. Bean jacket and went to sleep.

Then someone was knocking on the car window. He had on a bright blue sweater and dungarees and he was smiling. I opened the window and he said, "Good morning, Herr Packard."

"How did you know it was me?" I said.

"Your car is French," he said. "There are no French cars in Gottenheim." He smiled again and introduced himself as Hans Riehle, August's son.

I got out and we went to breakfast at an inn on the town's main square. A breakfast in Germany can be like dessert in America—coffee and cake. As I dipped my cake into my coffee Hans told me what was going to happen.

All the hunters and drivers, the local farmers who drive the game to the hunters, were gathering outside the inn, and when they got there the hunt would begin. Some of the drivers carried what looked like cutoff hoe handles and some were holding those wooden nosemakers I used to whirl around my head on New Year's Eve in New York's Roosevelt Hotel waiting for Guy Lombardo to play *Auld Lang Syne*. The drivers would pound on trees with the hoe handles and whirl the nosemakers as they moved through the brush and trees, driving the game in front of them. Then Hans said it was time for me to meet his father.

August Riehle was standing talking to a group of hunters and drivers. He was not a big man, not tall or heavy, but from the way everybody stood there and waited for him to say something, he was the biggest man around. He was in charge of everything in sight, and there was plenty to see—20 or 30 hunters, almost as many drivers, all kinds of dogs, hoe handles and nosemakers, brass hunting horns and guns. The hunters carried their shotguns broken open, upside down and hanging from their shoulders by the sling. Riehle finished whatever it was he was saying and turned to me and smiled.

"Guten Morgen, Herr Packard! It is a fine day for hunting." He looked up at the sky.

I looked, too, but the sun wasn't up yet. I thanked him for letting me come on the hunt. He nodded and then he got off a paragraph of German to Hans and the interview was over.

"My father has much to do this morning," Hans said, taking me aside.

You could see that by watching him. August Riehle went from group to group of hunters and drivers and they all stood a little straighter when he talked to them, but finally he was finished and just stood there by himself with his left hand on the head of his dog.

All the time I was watching Riehle I could tell that Hans had something to say to me, but he didn't know how to put it, so I said, "What did your father say? Did he want you to tell me something?"

"Yes, Herr Packard. But it is difficult to say."

"He wants me to stay out of the way," I said. "Isn't that what he said?"

"Yes. He wishes you to stay at the back of the hunt." And Hans smiled even more.

I told him I understood, that I knew the only thing worse than finding no game on a hunt was to have some idiot standing around watching. Hunting is not a spectator sport; nobody had to tell me that. I was going to be way in the back, and when the guns started to go off I was going to be behind a tree.

But everybody was still standing around the main square in Gottenheim; it looked as though they were waiting for something. Then a blue Mercedes 220SL splashed with mud drove up and parked. A tall, gray-haired man got out. He took a double-barreled 12-gauge shotgun out of the back seat, slung it over his shoulder and walked over to Riehle.

Riehle smiled one of his little smiles that made him look as if he carved puppets when nobody was watching. He lit-



ed his hat with his left hand, raised his right hand and shook hands with the gray-haired man. They said something to each other, and then they both started to walk down the cobbled street of Gottenheim. I guess the gray-haired man was the one the group was waiting for, because everybody started to follow the two of them, first the hunters in green and brown with their dogs, then the drivers dressed in blues and yellows, and last me in my black-and-red jacket with a German-English dictionary in my hand.

We walked for a long time. It was hard to believe you could walk that far in a little German town, but we did, down the main street, then off to the right up a hill on a smaller street, then off to the left, and after a while I lost track of which direction we were going in. The streets were curved and up and down and they got narrower, with old, triangular stone houses right next to us on both sides.

They were the cleanest streets I had ever seen. There wasn't a thing in them, not a beer can, not a candy wrapper, not even a burnt match. It was as if my mother were in charge of street cleaning, or as if the whole town had been up all night getting Gottenheim ready for the hunt. But they hadn't. It was just the way they kept Gottenheim all the time, the way they keep Germany, the way the little golden dachshund walked along five yards in front of me like he was the proudest dachshund in the Federal Republic.

I followed the dachshund all the way to the edge of town, waiting for him to blow his cool and sniff at something, but he never did. He walked like a five-gaited horse, rousing his front paws the way circus horses do. I couldn't figure what a dachshund would be doing on a hunt, except to provide comic relief, but I found out later that he was the toughest fox dog in the Black Forest, and the only reason he was way in back with me was that his legs were so short.

When we finally got to where we were going, it didn't look much different to me—just another one of those little squares that are around every corner in Germany. The street opens out, the houses move back, and there is an open cobblestoned space the size of half a basketball court with a tree or two in the middle and a green wooden bench to sit on. I was thinking about sitting on the bench for a breather, but I didn't because just then everybody spread out as if by plan. The hunters were in a quarter circle behind Riehle, the drivers were in another quarter circle, seven hunters with brass horns were across the square from me and I was in the last quarter circle all by myself.

And there wasn't a sound. Everyone had been talking while we were walking, but as soon as they were arrayed, nobody said a word. Then Riehle stepped out into the middle, waited a few moments and nodded to the seven hunters with the horns.

The sun was coming up over the houses and the hunters brought the horns to their mouths. They started to play fanfares that sounded like something out of Mozart, and the dogs began to howl. The dogs stuck their noses straight up into the sky and all 10 or 12 of them just let loose. It must have awakened people in France or Switzerland, but actually those dogs howled pretty well in unison. I had only heard one dog howl at a time before, and 12 dogs together



was something to hear. The horn players lowered their horns, the dogs howled a while a capella and then stopped. Riehle began to give a speech.

I don't like speeches much, normally. Usually around the third paragraph I give up and go into a state of suspended animation. I usually find something to look at during speeches, and then I stare at it until everything gets blurred and I keep regarding this blur until everybody starts to clap. But this was a different kind of speech. In the first place, it was in German, but instead of making it worse, it made it better, and Riehle was talking more than speechifying, and every once in a while he would reach down and pat his dog on the head. Even though the only German I know is *Achtung!*, I knew what he was saying.

He was talking to us about the land and the animals and how it was not a right to hunt, but a privilege. He was saying it was something we had that we must be careful of because it was fragile; the land was fragile, the birds and rab-

continued

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BLACK FOREST continued

bits and foxes and deer were fragile, and everything was balanced and easily tipped if we forgot that hunting was not a right but a gift. He talked about men and dogs and the farmers who would do the driving through the woods, and finally he turned a little in my direction and talked about me, and everyone smiled at the big American with his dictionary. Then it was over and everybody gave a cheer and we started down the road that led to the Black Forest.

The drivers moved out in front and after a few minutes I couldn't see them anymore. I was still in the back but there were a few hunters around me now, smiling and saying *guten Morgen*. One of them handed me his gun to look at. All the guns seemed to me to be 12-gauge, and three-quarters of them were double-barreled with a third barrel on the top or on the bottom or even on the side. The one I was holding had three barrels. I was trying to figure out what you did with three barrels and wondering if there were four-barreled guns in Germany when somebody next to me said, "The one for the birds, the one for the deer and the last for the boar."

I looked up and walking beside me was the tall, gray-haired man who had arrived in the Mercedes. Even though his hair was gray he wasn't as old as I had thought. "I am Stefan Wocher," he said. "I will talk to you about our hunting here in Germany." I introduced myself but he already knew about me. Riehle had fixed it, and I was to ask him anything I wanted.

"Are you a hunter?" I said.

He smiled and patted his shotgun. "I was a hunter as a young man, but now I only walk with the hunt. I work for the Higher Hunting Authority of Baden-Württemberg."

I knew what Baden-Württemberg was, having looked it up because I knew that was where we would be hunting. It is 13,800 square miles that border France and Switzerland and it contains the Rhine valley, the upper Danube and Neckar valleys, and the Black Forest. Baden-Württemberg is a little bigger than the state of Maryland, and the Black Forest is 90 miles long.

"Is the ceremony back there in the square customary in German hunting?" I asked.

"It is customary," he said. "There are

many customs and rituals here in the Black Forest."

"Hunting in the United States is recreation, a sport," I said.

"Hunting is a sport, yes. But here it is a tradition," and he stopped, waiting to get his English straight.

"Formerly, if you read the history here, you had the kings and the counts and law—hunting law—the only law of these feudal men and all others were nothing. All could not hunt, and hunting in such parts as here was a very big crime. It was to be punished by death. Charles the Great, he punished this with death."

"You mean poaching?" I said.

"Yes, that, and this hunting was a very terrible pleasure for the high people, and it was always together with the process of the country. And, in principle, this is also the same now only transposed in the possibility to hire a country if you have not one for your own."

"It's the feudal system on the first of the month," I said.

"Yes, that, too. You hire for some 1,000 marks a year and then you have the only right to hunt here. And we have very strong rules that were kept from those other times. One must follow the plan of the shooting. One must always know what he is doing."

"In the United States the average American feels he has an insalubrious right to hunt, to own a gun," I said. "It's part of our tradition of revolution and freedom and the openness of the country." Just then, one of the hunting horns played three notes, and then I heard another one nearer, and another, until all seven horns had played the same three notes.

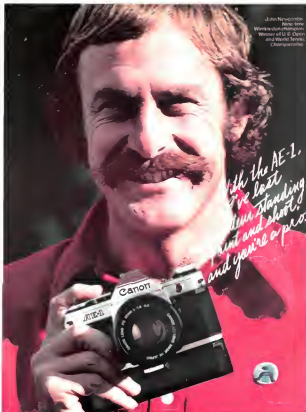
"What does that mean?" I asked.

"It is the commencement of the driving. Herr Riehle has seen that the hunters are in their places."

We had been walking slowly along a country road bordered on one side by woods and on the other by fields that stretched off to mountains. Every 50 or 60 yards along the road a hunter stood with his shotgun open and two shells in his hand. As far as I could see, the hunters were exactly the same distance apart the whole length of the road.

And then I thought of the drivers in blue and yellow starting through the woods and the game moving along in

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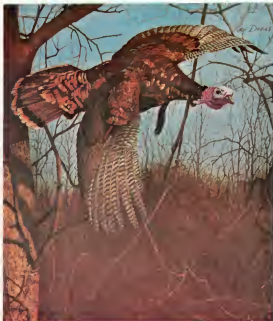
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BLACK FOREST continued

front of them. The men would beat on the trees with their sticks and spin their noisemakers and the pheasant and partridge and rabbits and roebuck and whatever else was in all those hectares of forest would move just out of sight. What was going on in the forest now had been going on in there a thousand years ago, before the World Wars, when men owned duchies, principalities, colonies, whole countries; men named Otto and Friedrich and Wilhelm; counts, barons, kings, even Holy Roman Emperors. They all waited somewhere around here, while the beaters worked their way through the forest and the game moved along out in front, hidden in the woods.

We listened to the sounds coming from far away, and then Stefan said, "This is today a low hunt. They hunt the fox, the pheasant and the partridge. The high hunt will be later. There are then the red deer, the chamois and the roebuck."

I could hear the beaters calling out some word, over and over. I couldn't make out what word it was, but I knew it was no word I had ever heard in Maine when I was young and freezing on a deer stand, with my hands jammed as far down in my pockets as I could get them and my short-barreled Marlin .30-.30 under my arm. My uncles always barked like dogs when they were driving a section of woods near the River Road, or when they were coming down the side of a hogback outside of Cornish or Brownville. But even though I couldn't understand the word the drivers were calling, and although they sounded like a New Year's Eve party, the feeling that was coming up in my chest was the same one I had when I was a boy. It was a feeling that my whole chest was filling up with blood, which was climbing into my throat, and it always came when I heard a noise out there in front of me that was too close to be one of my uncles, too alive sounding and moving to be a tree in the wind or a broken branch swinging, too big to be a porcupine or a squirrel, and then the buck or doe would crash out of the woods and start out across the open ground running, and my throat would really fill up and I'd try to get off a shot with my mitten still on, or without a shell in the chamber, or with the safety still on, and then the deer would be gone except for the bobbing white tail way off.

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I wanted to ask Stefan what the word was they kept calling, but he had started to walk.

"We must go into the forest here, and then we must climb," he said.

We started into the woods, and after 20 yards we started up a hillside with apple trees on it, old apple trees that looked to me like they'd seen their day, but there were a lot of small yellow and red apples on the ground and I picked one up and took a bite.

I ate it all the way up the hill. It was the only thing that kept me going, with too many years of cigarettes pulling at my lungs and too many years of sitting down pulling at my legs.

Finally we got to the top, and there was Riehle, with his right hand in his pocket and his left on the head of his dog, looking out over a square valley. His shotgun was slung over his shoulder and hung upside down and broken open. He didn't turn his head but he knew who we were because he and Stefan began to talk in low voices. I looked around the valley and tried to get my breath back.

There were hills on three sides with the long stretch of forest coming in at the open end. I could hear the beaters more clearly now, and they were moving right up the middle of the woods toward the valley. Then I looked along the tops of the three hills.

There were hunters spaced every 30 yards on the summits, it looked like the yard at Sing Sing or Alcatraz. No one moved. They just stood there in the morning light with the sounds of small birds flying up and out of the valley and the crazy noise of the beaters coming toward us through the woods. Riehle was in charge. It didn't make any difference how many men with guns were around, no one was going to load a shell or flick a safety until he said the word. There were at least 30 men on the hilltops and they were waiting for Riehle.

I listened to the drivers until I could see a flash of blue or yellow and finally I could make out what they were yelling.

"Hussah! Hussah!" came up from the woods. The beaters were closer now and they were pushing a wave of noise in front of them—yells, cries, sticks pounding on trees, the insane wooden whir of the nosemakers. They were really close now, and then below us to the right a roebuck broke out and began to run.

It ran all the way across the valley from right to left, dodging apple trees and bushes, and once it jumped a stone wall. It took that stone wall going flat-out the way Bob Cousy used to take off from the front of the foul circle, legs up and floating. Then the deer ran to the foot of the hills where the hunters were waiting, sprinted up and between two of them, and suddenly it was gone over the top of the hill.

Everybody watched the deer run across the valley: Riehle, Stefan, all 30 of the hunters and me. I had stood looking around for a foxhole or a rock I could get down behind when the guns went off. But no gun went off. Nobody even drew on that deer, and most of the hunters I had seen had a 30-06 rifle barrel on the top or the bottom or the side of those 12-gauge shotguns. I had been waiting for a fusillade, enfilading fire from three sides, a bombardment. But nothing happened. Nobody even said anything, and I knew then for sure I wasn't in Maine or Pennsylvania or New Jersey. If I had been, that deer would have evaporated. There wouldn't have been enough left on him to make a venison hors d'oeuvre.

I went up to Stefan, shaking a little. "Why didn't they shoot?" I asked. "Everyone had a shot and nobody took one." "It is not time for the roebuck," he said.

"Does that mean they're not in season, that it's illegal?"

"No," he said. "It is not that. It is that today we hunt the pheasant, the partridge and the fox," and he turned back to Riehle.

I stood there for a while saying to myself, "It is not time for the roebuck," and thinking about some guys I knew in Jersey. The guys I knew there hunted in full camouflage outfits, with jump boots and flak vests, with more armament than the 101st Airborne and they didn't just shoot at anything that moved—they just shot. They shot at parked cars, telephone poles, turnpike toll stations, road signs, and one guy I knew even blew in the side of his own Dodge truck.

Suddenly a big cock pheasant broke out and up and Riehle raised his hand. "There is coming a cock," Stefan said, and someone off to our left shot once

and the bird dropped. Then birds started up one after another from different parts of the valley.

Every time a partridge or a pheasant would break up into the air Riehle would point at it and one of the hunters would fire, but once in a while he wouldn't point and then the bird just flew over the hunters and out of the valley. I couldn't figure out why the hunters didn't fire when the bird was coming right at them so I asked Stefan.

"It is too young a bird," he said, "and then also one must care for the hens, but there is coming a hen!"

I looked up and a big female was coming up from the valley. Riehle raised his hand and pointed. "But he wants that this hen is shot," Stefan said, and a gun went off and the bird fell. I was wondering how someone knew how old a bird was when it was flying, when Stefan said, "You must look! There is coming a Mummelmann."

I looked up to see if it flew but all I could see were pheasants and partridges crossing in the air above us like at LaGuardia Airport. I looked down into the valley and something was running through the low brush. It could have been a Mummelmann, but I couldn't tell what it was. It was running faster than anything I had ever seen run, dodging, taking right-angled turns at full speed, a tan blur flickering through the brush. It looked like a greyhound but built close to the ground so it wouldn't drift on the turns, and it didn't. It just ran, and once it did a 180 in a blink and started off in the opposite direction. Guns were going off all over the place, but nobody was having much luck hitting it.

"What kind of animal is that?" I asked. "The Mummelmann," Stefan said. "A Rammifer, but how do you call it in America?"

"I don't know what it is," I said. "I've never seen one before."

"It is also the Hase, a lagomorph," Stefan said.

And I said to myself, sure, it's a lagomorph, this is the Black Forest, isn't it, but down below us that Mummelmann was still moving as if he were accelerating around a cyclotron, and that reminded me of something. It reminded me of a dog track, and I realized what a Mummelmann was. It was the biggest, the finest damned rabbit in the world,

and no dog alive could have caught it.
"It's a rabbit," I said.

"That is what you call it?" Stefan said.
"It might be a rabbit," I said, "but maybe it's a hare."

And that was what it was, a hare. I had never seen one, but I'd read about them, and old slow and steady would have needed a light-year's head start if he was ever going to take that hare on any finite racecourse in this universe.

Nobody ever did get the hare. It just kept going around and around and then finally took off up and over a hill and everybody gave up.

After the hare, we stood for a long time watching Riehle point at a bird here and a bird there. I didn't keep count, but there were plenty. Finally Riehle reached into his pocket and took out a shell, pushed it into his shotgun, held it straight up in the air and fired.

"It is finished," Stefan said.

"What is?"

"The hunt in this place," he said, and I wondered if there was a limit because there were still birds going up all the time.

"But why is it finished?" I said. "There are still plenty of birds."

"Herr Riehle has said it is finished," Stefan said. "He wants no more birds shot in this place."

And no one shot any more birds. Not another gun went off after Riehle had shot in the air. He just stood there for a minute or two with his shotgun pointed straight up into the sky, and then he started down into the valley.

Below, the beaters were picking up the birds. They seemed to know just where each one was because they didn't look around much, they just walked to a spot, bent over and picked up a pheasant or a partridge or some other bird I had never seen before.

Then everyone was walking out of the valley in a long line and down a road on the other side from the one we came in on. Stefan and I were the last ones out of the valley. I stopped and looked back over the apple trees and up to the hill where Riehle had stood because I wanted to remember how he had looked, standing there with his shotgun pointed at the sky. Then I ran to catch up with Stefan.

"What exactly is Herr Riehle's position?" I said.

"Herr Riehle is chief of the hunting

in Freiburg," Stefan said. "He is the speaker in the councils of hunting."

"He's an important man?" "Yes," Stefan said. "He is very important, and especially now he is important, because we have the new law of nature."

It was near noon as we walked down the road. The trees were green and gold, but up and off to the right, as far as you could see, they were darker with black and a deep russet brown. And sometimes in the middle of those miles of black pines, there were groves of rust, sage green, crocus and honey yellow, and once I saw a single tree of some kind that was tangerine and ginger set in the dark firs. We walked slowly and small birds flew around us and sang from the trees, and a little below us to the left as we walked there were flowers, white like snowflakes. And above us there was the perfect blue sky.

"We need one," I said, but not to Stefan, not to anybody.

"What did you say, George?" Stefan said.

"A new law of nature," I said. "We need one."

Stefan said, "In the last years here in Europe we have concerned ourselves with the problems ecologic. It is now that all the countries of the Federal Republic are unified in this new law of nature. It is part of our constitution."

Riehle, the hunters, the beaters, Stefan and I turned off the road and into a pine grove with open space between the trees. The ground was all needles and the light came down through the pines like yellow perfume. We went along on the soft ground for 50 yards and then there were long wooden tables all around and women putting plates on them and the smell of soup. It was lunchtime.

I was ready to eat. I could have eaten a Mämmelmann if I had to, and then I remembered where I was and thought that maybe I might have to eat a Mämmelmann, but the soup smelled so good in the cold German air that it didn't make much difference to me what was in those bowls. But we were all just standing around. Nobody was sitting down. The plates full of steaming soup were there on the tables with big spoons next to them, there were three tall green bottles of wine on each table, and there were baskets full of chunks of bread that looked

as if they'd been cut off Siegfried's loaf with a chain saw.

Just then the hunting horns went off again. The seven of them were a little way into the woods in their half circle and the yellow sunlight coming down through the black pines flashed on the horns. They played through one song and stopped, and Riehle stepped out and faced everyone.

He made another speech, only this time he had a big cock pheasant in one hand and a glass of wine in the other. It was a very short speech. When he stopped, he raised the pheasant, took a sip of wine and the horns played again. Everyone cheered and clapped. Then we sat down to lunch.

I was the first one to sit down and I ate my way through the bowl of pea soup and sausage, licked the spoon clean, set it down beside my plate and picked up one of the wine bottles. It wasn't a wine we were going to find in a liquor store in Hightstown, N.J. It came from Baden in 1974 and was a white called Kiechlinberger. I poured myself a glass and took a sip of something that tasted like cool sunshine. I poured another glass, cleaned my soup plate with a piece of bread and settled back, hoping that the ladies doing the serving would think they forgot my plate the first time around.

But there was plenty of soup and plenty of bread and wine, and then there was cake, the kind you get a piece of for breakfast in Germany. I was full and happy. Everyone was talking and laughing there under the trees, and then I realized that someone was standing behind me. It was Hans with his bright blue sweater, and he was still smiling. "My father has asked me to speak with you," he said, sitting beside me.

I thought that maybe I had done something wrong, violated an 800-year-old law of Frederick Barbarossa or something, and I started to get nervous.

"What did he say?" I asked.

"He thought that you would be interested in the examination."

"What examination?" I said, wondering if I had to take it, and what you needed to pass.

"It is the examination in order to hunt in Germany," Hans said. "Everyone must take it who hunts."

I felt better. Everyone but me, I thought, because very shortly after graduation

uation from high school, from college, from graduate school, from Uncle Sam, from driving school, from the eye doctor, right after I had done my SSATs, PSATs, SATs, GREs and GCTs I had decided I would never take another examination again, ever. And I haven't.

"Sure," I said. "I'd like to know about it. What's it like?"

Hans said, "In Germany we call it 'The Impossible Examination.'"

"Tell me about it," I said, and he did.

It took Hans the better part of an hour to tell me about "The Impossible Examination," and it may not be impossible for the people of the Federal Republic of Germany, but it would have been impossible for any hunter I ever knew in the United States of America.

Hans started off with, "The severity of the examination has no weaknesses," and syntax aside, he wasn't kidding. As many as 50% of those taking the examination to hunt in Germany fail it, and they fail it even after the year of mandatory apprenticeship to a professional hunter or after taking the minimum 100 hours of courses, even after their local police provide the required character reference, which would automatically eliminate most of the hunters I knew.

"The Impossible Examination" has three parts: the three-hour written exam in January where you have to get 75 out of 100 right to go on to the second part; the practical examination of ability to shoot and handle firearms where you have to be nearly perfect to get to part three; and finally, the three-hour oral examination. The orals begin in May and the examiners go through the candidates alphabetically, which means if your name as Zaslofsky you're going to have a pretty tired examiner.

Taking the written exam is like taking the final in brain surgery at Johns Hopkins. There are 300 to 400 people in a room in absolute silence. At 9 a.m. a tiny bell rings, and three hours later, at noon, it rings again, and that's it. No going to the bathroom, no cigarette break, no questions, just the bell ringing twice. I asked Hans to write down some of the questions he remembered. See how you'd do. See whether you'd get 75% right so you could go on to the second part.

1) Cite three kinds of foods given wild ducks during natural food shortages.

2) Describe the difference between the

male and female mallard during the summer.

3) What is the dangerous range of 4mm shot?

4) Which among the following calibers are particularly suited for deer—9.3 x 62, 9.3 x 74R, 7 x 57, 8 x 68, 6.5 x 57?

5) Cite four kinds of leashes that are indispensable in training dogs.

6) The dog that retrieves, must be seated in order to give over the game?

7) When is the latest that one must begin to feed pheasants?

8) Which of the following are protected but not huntable: hedgehogs, bats, field mice, dormice?

9) Cite two means the hunter can use to help birds that are useful in the forest.

10) What ratio between the sexes of the pheasant must be maintained?

The second part of the examination, the proof of the ability to shoot and handle firearms, is in parts, too. First there are the targets at 100 meters—you shoot standing, sitting and braced against a tree. Then you get two shots at a running rabbit, but you can't use your own rifle for the targets or your own shotgun for the rabbit. The examiners provide the guns, and you better have the safety on every second, because the guns they give you have ultrasensitive triggers, and if one goes off you flunk right there. Two or three times during the examination the examiner will call out, "Roebuck disappear," and when he does you have to unload immediately. Then he calls, "Roebuck is there," and you reload. Between shooting at the targets and shooting at the rabbit you get a chance to demonstrate your knowledge in the nomenclature and handling of firearms: disassembly and reassembly, manipulation of safeties, trigger positions, types of bullets, calibers, cartridge lengths, chokes, everything you learned in the last five years of reading *Gun Digest*. Finally you have to unload a *Drilling* perfectly. A *Drilling* is one of those three-barreled, multipurpose monster-killers I saw on the road, and you have to tip it up twice to unload, both times manipulating the triggers. You get a very simple grade on the unloading of a *Drilling*, "yes" or "no," and whichever it is, the examiner yells it out so everybody in the field can hear.

The last part of the examination is the same as for an average doctoral exam for the Ph.D.—the oral. I took an oral

once for a degree, and I remember the guy who went in just before me. His name was Tom Eppley, and he came from Memphis. He had two packages of cigarettes, one in each coat pocket, and his hands were shaking. He got up to go in, patted his pockets to be sure he still had the two unopened packs, and he said to me, "George, they don't like you in there," and he started down the hall, patting his pockets like a gunfighter on his way to meet Wyatt Earp.

There are six examiners for the oral, and each one asks you 10 to 12 questions. The grading is simplified, as it is in the unloading of a *Drilling*, just satisfactory and unsatisfactory, and if you get two unsatisfactorys, you flunk. A typical question comes in the form of a picture of 70 huntable birds. You tell their names, their sexes and their moulting seasons. Another question comes in a jar. It's the head of an animal, and you tell the examiner the species, the age—from the condition of the teeth—and whether or not you can hunt it, and if you can, when? In the next room there is a table five yards long covered with animal jaws, preserved fetuses, dried plants, animal paws and different kinds of wood. You identify those. But mostly in the oral you don't look at things. You look at the examiner and answer his questions. It's quite an oral, and I wonder if they let you smoke when you take it.

What you have to know for the written and the oral examinations is contained in a 550-page book, *Die Jägerprüfung*. Hans had one with him. I asked him to translate some of it for me.

It discusses the animals you can hunt and what season of the year you can hunt them in, the basic regulations of gamekeepers, the preparation of game for eating, the table of protected plants, tables of grains and berries for game. There are pictures and descriptions of the tracks, the trails, the leavings of huntable and nonhuntable animals. For the exam you have to know the cries of the game, and the book tells you what phonograph records to buy to learn them. There is a long list of customs, symbolism, the vocabulary of hunters and the signs and sounds used in the hunt.

You have to know about dogs, too: pointers, setters, terriers, spaniels, bloodhounds, griffons, *Drabshaure*, *Weimaraner*, *Münsterländer* and something

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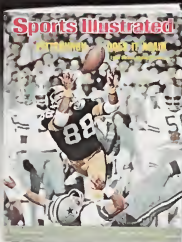
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called a "polyvalent" dog. I must have missed that one at Westminster or when I was taking chemistry. The dogs have to take an examination along with you, the V.J.P. for young dogs, a prelim, and the V.G.P., which is the main event for hunting dogs in Germany. The best Hans could do with the V.G.P. was, "The ultimate test of command in the woods, plains, water and blood-tracking." To pass, you have to be up on dog anatomy, dog breeding, dog care, dog diseases and the complete training of the hunting dog. For the dog to pass, he has to be one hell of a dog.

A lot of the questions on the written and the oral have to do with law—the protection of animals and plants, the firearm laws, the law on the examination of trichinous meat, the law on the commerce and transport of game, the laws on leasing hunting land and the laws governing hunting clubs and societies. I wondered how the guys I knew in the Perth Amboy Rod and Gun Club would do on that last question.

The *Jägerprüfung* is a long book, just 19 pages shorter than my edition of *Crime and Punishment*, and it has very small print. I asked Hans to let me see it and when I held it in my hand and hefted it, it reminded me of the *Uniform Code of Military Justice*. I asked Hans, "But why do they make it so hard?"

"Some say it is because of the *Hur-schprung*," he said.

"What's that?" I said.

"It is a deer, a white deer that jumps over valleys to save the maidens from distress. The examination is so that no hunter will shoot the white deer."

I figured that life insurance on that deer must be pretty cheap, all things considered, but I wasn't so sure about the maidens. I reached for my glass of wine, picked up a piece of cake and the hunting horns went off again.

"It's the end of lunch?" I said.

"It is the beginning of the afternoon hunt," Hans said.

We hunted that afternoon. We hunted valleys and hills, old roads, stands of trees, cornfields and vineyards. There were more pheasant and partridge, and there were hares. They shot the hares in a flat valley with brush lanes dividing the ground into rectangles. The dogs would drive the hares out of the low trees and bushes, and the hares would start out

across the open ground dodging, turning, running until they saw the other line of hunters, and then go back, jinking, jibing until somebody guessed the right lead angle. Once, later in the afternoon, the drivers spooked a boar.

But it wasn't just one boar. It was the boss boar and his harem and all the kids from the open classroom. I never saw that boar, or his ladies, or the future boars of Freiburg, but I heard them. They took off like the start of a stock-car race. Somebody who spoke English told me later that the male just picked the weakest hunter and ran right at him with the seraglio and the nursery right behind. They blew through the line of hunters before anyone could get a rifle cartridge out of his pocket and into his *Drilling*. I found out afterward that boars were on the list that day, along with birds and hares and foxes, but that if you're not thinking boar, you don't get one.

Finally, when the sun was nearly down and the green of the trees was darker, we were on an old road that led up a little hill and down into an orchard. There was green grass on the ground and some yellow apples on the trees, and when we got to an open place in the middle of the orchard everyone slowed down, spread out and stopped. Just as in the morning, the hunters were in one place, the drivers in another, the horn players off a little way and me by myself. The sun was going down fast now, heading for the black mountains, and the light appeared to be coming through a window in the late afternoon. Everything had green and yellow and brown edges, and I wondered if the sun was as tired as I was.

The drivers stepped forward carrying the game. They laid it out on the grass in careful rows—a long line of pheasant, a line of partridge, a line of a kind of game I didn't know and then the line of hares. No one had shot a fox. Then they stepped back. The hunters with the horns played a melody, lowered their horns and then played another one. They did that four times.

Then Riehle stepped in front of the hunters and stood there with his hand on the head of his dog. He didn't say anything for a long time. When he began to speak everyone bowed his head. What he said could have been in any language at all, and anyone could have understood it. It was a prayer of thanksgiving. When

he was finished we all stood in silence with only half of the sun showing behind the mountains.

Then it was over. Everyone gave a cheer when Riehle waved and started off down the road. The hunters moved out into the clearing and picked up the game they had shot, the drivers began to drift their different ways and I looked around for Stefan.

He was there, off a way, leaning against an apple tree. I walked over to him.

"Stefan," I said. "What were those different songs they played on the horns?"

"They are the signatures," he said, and I was so tired I started to think about everybody who would have to sign a new law of nature.

"Signatures of what?" I said.

"They are the songs of the animals, the game, each has its song and each is different. They play for the animals."

I nodded, shook hands, thanked him for all he had told me and started down the road back to Gottenheim, first through the orchard, then up the little hill, and when I got to the top I heard the horns again, and I turned around.

Back under the apple trees, alone except for Stefan leaning against his tree, the horn players were playing again. They had moved out into the clearing and now they stood in a circle.

They played only one melody, but it was longer than any other they had played that day. Maybe it was longer because it was the oldest. Down in the grove of apple trees they were playing a song of the Saxons or the Franks, of the Merovingians or Carolingians, a song of Charlemagne, and as they played the green of the grass and the trees, the yellow of the apples, got darker and darker, and when they had finished, the sun had set. They lowered their horns, and I turned and began to run down the hill. I wanted to catch up with Riehle because I had something to say to him.

His dog was walking beside him, wagging its tail. I caught up with him and walked along for a while, and then he turned to me and said, "Was it good?"

"It was," I said, and I started to say what I wanted to say, but the sound of the last song was still there, and all I said was, "Your dog is very happy."

Riehle smiled. "Yes," he said, and reached to touch his dog's head. "Dogs are happier than men."

END



**Before they can even tell time,
they're always reminding you how
quickly it passes.**

If you're like most parents, you measure time in outgrown sneakers and jackets.

Children are a constant reminder of the obvious: that time waits for no man, or woman, or wardrobe. And while you and your family are racing toward the future, it helps to take a moment to consider what it might be like once you arrive. That's where Metropolitan Life can help.

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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

TOPSPIN

Sir:

Thank you for the fine article on Forest Hills (A Duel of Pace and Power, Sept. 20). But isn't the race for No. 1 decided? Since when does one Forest Hills victory on clay for Jimmy Connors equal three victories—on grass at Wimbledon, on clay in the U.S. Pro Championship and indoors in the WCT—for Bjorn Borg?

ALICE DENICE
Pittsburgh

Sir:

Why is it time to "break up Chris Evert"? If Chris is to be "broken up," let it be by some young girl who is willing to stay on the practice court a little longer than Chris did and make a few more sacrifices. That may break up Chris, but Billie Jean King coming out of retirement won't do it.

LANCE DREYER
Shreveport, La.

MISCONDUCT

Sir:

In SCORECARD (Sept. 20) a tennis fan proposed that a simple system of point penalties be instituted to control player misconduct such as that of Ilie Nastase in the U.S. Open. Since 1973 the USTA has authorized point penalties for court misconduct. The rule provides for point and game penalties for game delay, swearing, racket throwing, unseemly gestures, etc. In Baltimore this system is used extensively in amateur tournaments, and in April we used it for the first time in a pro tournament. Once the ILTF gives its approval, we hope to use it as a regular means of deterring improper behavior on the court.

JIM CUMMINGS
Member
USTA Umpires Committee
Baltimore

Sir:

I'm with Nastase. The officials were wrong. Hans-Juergen Pohmann should have been defaulted for delaying the match.

STEVE DUNCAN
Indianapolis

GREENING THE BLACK PITS

Sir:

J. D. Reed's article *Healing the Wounded Earth* (Sept. 20) was excellent. My home is in the coal regions of northeastern Pennsylvania, and I have witnessed the "enormous and enduring ugliness" left behind by strip-mine operators. The huge piles of overburden and black pits ruin the beauty of the Pennsylvania mountaintops. But people accept them as a consequence of the coal production vital to the state economy. William E.

Guckert has shown that there is an effective and feasible solution.

NEALE X. TRANQUICH
Lewistown, Pa.

Sir:

I grew up near Hazleton, Pa. during the 1950s, when people feared being bombed by the Russians. My geography teacher used to say, "Don't worry, the Russian pilots will take one look, assume someone else has already bombed here and keep going."

Coming from a long line of miners, lumbermen and farmers, I well know there are two sides to every issue. But thank God for the Bill Guckerts whose sense of responsibility outweighs the rip-off of quick profits. By all means let's have progress. But let's have it with foresight!

KAREN DAVIS THOMPSON
St. Paul

Sir:

Now that J. D. Reed and artist Don Moss have painted a nice picture of the Pennsylvania state mine reclamation director, the inspectors and the big coal companies, why not have them try their luck with a follow-up article about property owners adjoining these coal operations? We are probably the most fortunate. All we have to do is turn on the faucet to get all the mine drainage water we don't want. Someday someone just might come up with a use for mine drainage water; then we will be sitting on a gold mine.

LELAND F. MAINES
Clearfield, Pa.

Sir:

J. D. Reed's article attests to the power that a private citizen may wield.

JERRY McMAHON
Washington, D.C.

WORKING THE COWS

Sir:

Pulitzers for Mason Smith and Lane Stewart (Cutting Up a Storm in Texas, Sept. 20). The whole sports world now has an idea of the ultimate thrill of a cutting-horse competition. Heretofore that feeling was reserved only for those of us who ride and compete.

GEORGE S. WALLIN
Wadmalaw Island, S.C.

Sir:

While I appreciated Mason Smith's article, I was disturbed to note that you had reversed the captions for the photographs of Buster Welch on Mr. San Peppy and Bill Freeman on Jay Freckles.

STEVE CARPENTER
La Crescenta, Calif.

• Sorry. Sid's pencil cut left when it should have cut right.—ED.



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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.
SHULTON

IN RELIEF

Sir, Without question Mark Littell and Steve Mingers have served Kansas City very well out of the bullpen this season (*Two Who Sur A.C. to a Tee*, Sept. 6). However, to say that there is no one-two punch comparable to them is an exaggeration. Cleveland stoppers Dave LaRoche and Jim Kern are certainly in the same class as the Royals pair.

GRIG HALLAMAN
Youngstown, Ohio

Sir,

Jim Kaplan mentioned that Gene Garber and Tug McGraw of the Phillies have "contributed mightily to their team's first-place record." But the top Phillie relief pitcher this season has been Ron Reed, whom the Phils acquired in an off-season deal with St. Louis.

JIM BULLOW
Trenton, N.J.

FRESHMAN STARR

Sir, I must point out one small error in the scouting report (Sept. 6) on the University of Alabama. There was at least one other quarterback who was skilled enough to play as a freshman at Alabama. In 1952 a substitute by the name of Bart Starr appeared in a number of games and made a significant contribution to the 61-6 victory over Syracuse in the Orange Bowl on New Year's Day, 1953. As your readers doubtless know, he went on to make some small contribution to NFL football with the Green Bay Packers.

THE REV. H. T. KARN JR.
Clanton, Ala.

TUNE IN

Sir, Re SCORECARD (Sept. 13), what a question! What does one do with oneself on Oct. 9 when there are no prominent Indiana football teams featured on TV? Every true grid fan knows. One watches the annual Oklahoma-Texas shootout.

DAVE CARETHLES
Tulsa, Okla.

BLANDA'S FAREWELL

Sir, The SCORECARD item (Sept. 6) about George Blanda was very interesting. I'm certain that George isn't as "anti-everything" as he was portrayed to be. However, here are a few facts for him to consider:

If, at the end of his career, an individual has as many friends as he has fingers on his hands, he has been successful.

George received lucrative contracts in exchange for his outstanding talents.

End of talent, end of contract.

George was in professional football 26 years. He has watched thousands of players come and go. He knows the "nature of the beast." Good luck, George, but don't bite the hand that fed you.

BOB GAL
Torrance, Calif.

RECORD PROGRESSIONS

Sir,

Kenny Moore's article on Dr. Ernst Jaki and world records (*Projecting from Mozart*, Sept. 13) was a hybrid of science and philosophy and contained the pitfalls and revelations common to both. Allow me a few reservations.

Jesse Owens' long-jump record of 26' 8 1/2" stood for 25 years. Should Beamon's record last that long (1993), I think it still unfair to label Owens "chicken feed." Owens won four gold medals in track and field in the 1936 Olympics and that feat has not been equaled by any male athlete in 40 years.

Utilizing the standard deviation from the mean as a method of comparing the long jump with the 200- and 400-meter races ignores the rate at which the dash times have improved in 40 years (from 20.6 to 19.8 in the case of the 200). If this method had been employed in 1936, then, according to my figures, a prediction of 20.1 would have held for 1976. Does this make the current 19.8 a "mutation performance"?

The concept that Bob Beamon's 29' 2 1/2" long jump was the "first and only 'mutation performance'" is an interesting one. As it is used, however, the term seems only a superlative. Statistically, I think it would be more accurate to describe the current records in the women's 800 and the men's 1,500 as mutation performances.

Any superior performance is a product of (among other variables) the state of the record up to that point. Comparisons could become spurious. Would Lasse Viren have lapped Paavo Nurmi at 5,000 meters? Would John Walker have beaten Roger Bannister by 60 meters at a mile? Would Jesse Owens have been eliminated from a present-day 200-meter field? I think not. I suggest that there were mutation performances before Beamon's and they made others possible. Incidentally, I thoroughly enjoyed the article.

WINSTON JERRICK
New York City

Sir,

Allow me to take issue with Or Jaki's doubts about an eight-foot high jump. There are any number of high jumpers in the world who can jump more than a foot over their own height—even a 14-year-old (*FACES in the Crowd*, Sept. 13). There are also any number of excellent, agile athletes who have high-jump physiques (slender) and are seven feet tall. Put these two factors together and the chance for an eight-foot high jump becomes obvious. What could Kareem Abdul-Jabbar do after a year or so of coaching and training in this event?

If we don't get an eight-foot high jump, it will be because the athletes with the capability are after multimillion-dollar NBA contracts instead of Olympic medals.

DAVID S. ROBINSON
Los Angeles
continued

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PROTECTION YOU DON'T HAVE TO CHECK.
SHULTON

Why and how Oldsmobile built a new Delta 88.

A Delta 88 with more head room, more rear leg room, better gas mileage, and improved serviceability over last year.



The problem.

For years people got along just fine with their family cars. They needed interior room and plenty of trunk space. And they got it. But then the world began to change. The price of gasoline went up. Americans began to wonder if they had to give up the room and comfort they needed to get better gas mileage.

The idea.

By applying the latest modern technology, it would be possible to provide a family car that was both roomy and efficient.

The solution:

The 1977 Delta 88. A product of Oldsmobile engineering excellence.

Primary goals were to re-engineer the car to give it more fuel economy while maintaining good room and space.

Secondary goals were to increase serviceability, provide precise maneuverability, and make it ride smoothly and quietly, sustaining existing high levels of comfort.

It took years of planning and testing. Using advanced design methods, including computer simulations, scale models, and endurance tests, Oldsmobile engineers transformed a very timely idea into a very timely automobile: the 1977 Oldsmobile Delta 88.

More head room, more rear leg room.

Redesigned seats and a raised roofline give more head room, more rear leg room. Passengers have a comfortable seating position, impressive visibility.

Plenty of room for big suitcases.

The Delta 88's trunk was reshaped to let you carry large pieces of luggage. Even a two-suitcase will stand up.

More miles per gallon from a Rocket V8.

One of the best innovations is fuel economy. EPA estimates 22 mpg on the highway, 17 in the city, with available Rocket 260 V-8* and standard automatic transmission and rear axle. (Your mileage depends on how you drive, your car's condition, and its equipment.)

*Not available in California.

And more.

The ride is quiet, the result of efficient new body and engine mounts that help isolate most vibration, plus new sound-absorption materials in the passenger compartment.

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